FRONTIER DUST

BY JOHN LORD

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EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY

NATALIE SHIPMAN

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INTRODUCTION

In the last ten years we have heard a great deal about the making of America. We have read biographies and memoirs of frontier life. We have seen the rushing years of '48 and '49 pictured,—trundling wagon trains, incredible gold finds, tragic endings. We have seen the Civil War and the building of the railroads, the development of industries and cities. But most of our accounts have been limited to certain scenes,—the gold fields, the Texas plains, Michigan logging camps, the Kentucky mountains, Montana ranches and the Mexican border.

The records that we have are confined to personalities as well as to places. The tales of many people have been told, from Lincoln to Jesse James. Paul Bunyan and his blue ox have pulled down gigantic forests; Billy the Kid has evaded more arms of the law than even he could count. We now know the Western highwayman well.

There are men, however, who have left no records because they have never acquired a legend,—the countless rolling stones who went from ranching to mining and back again; who made thirty thousand dollars in a single day in the Leadville Boom and lost it all in a cattle trade within a month; who rode and ranched from Montana to Mexico, pushed on by a wanderlust unexplainable by themselves, clear enough to others.

Sometimes they stayed on in profitless places for no reason at all. As the cowboy ballad says:

"The other day I changed my mind.
I said: 'I'll leave Texas far behind,'
But when I got out on the same old track
I turned my pony right round back."

Most of these wanderers are nameless. John Lord, our author, says: "People at that time in the West didn't ask questions and they didn't care who you were nor your grand-daddys nor great grand-daddys,—it was what are you now and what can you do?" They are the men whom the James Boys held up in stage coaches, who bought horses from Buffalo Bill and shot at tomato cans with Billy the Kid when he was seventeen, "a likeable boy with little to say." The rolling stones have likewise had little to say,—at least in permanent form. Some of their stories may be old and their jokes by-words in their families and in their counties, but these are, after all, mere commonplaces, part of the mass of everyday experience. The heroes were not giants like Paul Bunyan, so they have no saga. If they had one it would be as valuable a part of our Americana as the other legends.

John Lord, one of the last of the wanderers, has given us his story. He was born in 1846 on the Scioto River in Ohio. As a small child he moved west in a covered wagon,—not to Oregon but to Central Illinois. One of his early recollections is of sitting on Lincoln's

knee when Lincoln and Stephen Douglas were holding a joint political debate during the Presidential campaign of 1859. Three years later John Lord ran away to enlist in the Illinois Volunteers and go south "to find those fellows who were making war because Lincoln had been elected." He served during the war as a corporal; afterwards he became a cowboy, a ranchman and an expert "jackleg" engineer. He rode with Buffalo Bill, ranched with Colonel Roosevelt and by himself, logged in Colorado and mined in Mexico. Now he has retired from his various professions and lives in Salisbury, North Carolina.

Mr. Lord writes as he talks, with all the force and flavor of his various frontiers. He is that rare combination of the romantic and the realist which only "them days" could produce. He neither underestimates nor exaggerates people and situations,—he sees them clearly and describes them as he sees them. Above all, he has kept the point of view of the man who saw and did these things; there is no shifting in his outlook, not even that of retrospect. His style is the essence of narrative,—simple, almost bare, but colorful and humorous with the idiom of the 'sixties, 'seventies and 'eighties. There was nothing mauve about those decades.

Many published records and memoirs have been edited out of all recognition, given either a false sophistication or an equally false simplicity. These reminiscences are published almost as Mr. Lord wrote them;

my work has been, for the most part, a matter of arrangement. They are printed at random as one tale sets off another, rather than chronologically or in groups of kind. I hope that in the little editing I have done I have not destroyed the flavor of the narrative, its quality of simplicity, force and humor. I think not, for it is an inherent and persistent quality that should outlast the bare facts of frontier days.

NATALIE SHIPMAN.

Huckleberry Hill,
Washington, Connecticut,
October, 1926.

FRONTIER DUST

I

WITH THOMAS AT NASHVILLE

I was born in Scioto County, Ohio, ten miles from Portsmouth, on the bank of the Scioto River, September 20, 1846. When I was a very small child my parents moved in a covered wagon to Central Illinois and settled in Macon County, six miles south of Decatur, near the Lincoln home.

A few years later my father bought or traded for some wild prairie land twelve miles east of Decatur in Piatt County, and we moved there to make a farm and home out of the wild prairie and raise corn to feed cattle and hogs and then raise more corn.

The summer I was nine years old in September I ploughed long rows of corn, and every summer thereafter until I went in the army. I went to school in the winter by wading through the snow three miles across the prairie. We got up at four o'clock and fed stock until breakfast, which we always ate by candle light. Then we fed stock or cut firewood until time to go to school. The teacher let us out at three o'clock so we could get home in time to do our evening work. That was Sunday, Monday, rain or shine, year after year.

Abe Lincoln had gone to Springfield to practice law and we didn't see much of him, only during court, and

everybody missed him very much. He nearly always attended court in Macon and Piatt counties.

I remember well when he and Stephen A. Douglas held a joint discussion in the town of Bement, seven miles from our home, when they ran for President. My father and Lincoln were warm friends, and we were at the speaking. My father sat on the elevated speakers' platform and I sat beside him. I was thirteen years old. I couldn't understand why Lincoln and Douglas should do all the talking, as neither of them was as good-looking or as smart-looking as my father. Lincoln made the opening speech and when he got through he came to sit down by my father. I got up to give him my seat. He sat down and took me on his lap. It is a wonder I didn't swell up and burst. If ever a little green country boy felt his importance it was me. According to my feelings the biggest army overcoat General Grant ever had wouldn't have patched the seat of my little cotton breeches.

Lincoln spoke in his shirt sleeves; he had on black pants, a white shirt and no collar. He was very tall and thin. Douglas was short and fat, almost as thick as he was long. He wore black pants, a white shirt and collar and a long linen duster that almost touched the floor. When Lincoln was elected I firmly believed it was all because my father had talked and worked so hard for him.

When it began to be talked that Lincoln's election was going to cause war, every one of us Lincoln people

had our bristles up ready to fight a buzz saw, and my father was one of the leaders. Still, when it came to going into the army I ran away. I never asked if I could enlist because I had heard my father say so often that he would be glad if all three of his boys were old enough to go into the army. For that reason I was afraid to ask if I might enlist. I had two brothers and two sisters. I was the oldest. I ran away in June and went to Chicago with a lot of the boys and I wasn't sixteen until September twentieth.

We were making hay and my brother and I had to stay at home after dinner to draw water for a lot of hogs. It was about a mile from the house to the hay field. After watering the hogs we started on a road through the fields. About a third of the way to the hay field we had to wade a small stream. We pulled off our shoes, and after wading over we walked on to let our feet dry. Before our feet were dry I dropped one of my socks at the side of the road. After going some distance, I sat down as innocent as a lamb and said, "Oh, pshaw, I have lost one of my socks," and said to my brother, "Put on your shoes and go to the hay field and I will go back and find my sock."

It took me three years and three months to find that sock. At least it was that long before I got back. The first word my brother spoke when I met him on coming home was, "Jack, did you ever find your sock?"

When I got to my sock the way I put socks and shoes on would have made you think I was a fireman and

there had been a hurry-up call turned in. I struck out through them corn fields like I was going to a fire and I stayed in the fields as much as possible until I got to Monticello, the county seat, eight miles away. There I met some boys that I knew would be there on their way to Chicago. We had to go by private conveyance to Champaign City, twenty miles. We got the first train to Chicago, one hundred and twenty-eight miles. I don't know who paid my way; I didn't. I didn't have a cent; money was something I hadn't thought of. My daddy had it but I wouldn't have asked him for money if I had thought of it.

We got to Chicago in the evening. We were taken to a hotel, and if ever a poor boy was completely lost it was me. I never had been in a hotel in my life. I didn't know what to say or what to do. There were others that were just as green as I was. I fully realized then how true the old saying, "Misery loves company."

The first meal was what put the chill into my life. It was supper. We went into a nice dining room. There were a lot of nice long tables but nothing on them to eat. I wondered what on earth they brought us in here for, when a young lady rushed up and said, "Roast beef, roast pork, lamb chops, baked fish, beef done or rare. How do you like your eggs? Tea, coffee, or milk?"

Well, if she had been talking Chinese I would have known just as well how to answer her as I did then. I have been through the Civil War, and I was in it up to my neck; was wounded five times; taken prisoner

five times; Joe Wheeler threatened to hang me once; had more scraps than I can remember with desperados, cattle rustlers, horse thieves, Indians and Mexicans; been married over fifty years to two different black-eyed women; and I never have been one-half as bad scared as I was right there at that hotel table. There was a nice looking man sitting next to me. I noticed he looked up at the young lady and smiled, but it never occurred to me that I might be the cause of that smile. The young lady went on making the same talk to others that she had made to me, and I knew she was talking about something to eat, but what to say back to her was what had me guessing. I thought to myself—now you green gawk, you have knocked yourself out of any supper. That was in the days when people ate their dinners in the middle of the day and ate supper after they milked the cows. The nice looking man next to me said, "You didn't seem to understand the young lady."

I said, "I didn't know what she meant."

He explained in language that gave me a little light. I asked him if he thought he could get me some supper. He said, "Yes," and asked me what I wanted. I told him to get me just what he was going to have. Pretty soon the young lady brought him a fine looking supper. He pointed his thumb over toward me and said to the young lady, "A duplicate," and the young lady hurried away. I couldn't see what that had to do with anything to eat and I began to think he was calling me ugly names to the young lady and that was why she had

gone away in such a hurry, and I began to get mad. But before I got the matter satisfactorily settled in my mind she brought me a good supper and plenty of it, and it didn't tire her arms to carry the scraps back to the kitchen. I made up my mind that when they talked about things to eat in Chicago they used some foreign language that I didn't understand.

The next morning at breakfast a fellow who sat next to me told another young lady to bring him a good square breakfast. I thought, that is a dog-goned funny shaped breakfast, but I will bet if you can eat it I can, and I did, and it was good.

After breakfast we were marched around to an enrolling office. One fellow weighed and measured me and called out, "Weight, 147 pounds; height, five feet eight and one-quarter inches." The doctor examined me and called out, "Physically perfect," and a man sitting at a table looked up at me and said nothing but wrote on a paper. When I came back to Chicago after the war was over he told me he wrote "eighteen next birthday"; he said he knew I wasn't that old. He also knew if he asked me I would tell him the truth, and I couldn't be accepted. I was then all ready to go south to find those fellows who were making war because Lincoln had been elected President of the United States.

We went into camp at Camp Douglas, four miles south of Chicago. We went to camp nine hundred and thirty enlisted men and thirty-seven officers strong, and I firmly believed there wasn't a man or boy in that

regiment that could outjump me, throw me down, or outrun me. Later I found one man that could outjump me, several that could throw me down, and not one that could outrun me one hundred yards. My ability as a runner may have had something to do with my getting through the war alive. We traveled nine thousand two hundred and eighty miles, mostly marching. We were under the enemy's fire one hundred and forty-five days, and if there was any running done I don't remember it. We mustered out twenty-two commissioned officers and three hundred and ten enlisted men.

At Camp Douglas we were issued big round Sibley tents, large enough for twenty-one men to sleep in, all lying with our feet to the center, the tent running up to a point like an Indian tepee, with an opening at the top.

We drilled and got acquainted until August twenty-third, then we boarded a train for Cairo, Illinois.

Cairo is a miserable mud hole, and gamblers were thick as fleas on a lazy hound dog. The first one I saw was a fellow who had a lot of figures on a rubber blanket and was telling the boys how easy it was to win all the money he had. I saw several of the boys put down money, but I didn't see any of them pick up any. He tried hard to get me to bet. I suppose I looked pretty green. But I wasn't as green as I looked. I very soon made up my mind that he was not doing that thing for his health and that he knew a lot more about the game than I did, and I walked away. I didn't go

far until I met the chaplain. He asked me if I had any money. I told him I had. He said, "Let us go down to the express office and send it home to your folks." I told him my folks didn't need any money. He said, "You don't need any money here, either."

I showed him what money I had. He took out sixty-five dollars and left me twelve. He sent the sixty-five home for me and made me promise to send my money home every pay day, and I did. Later on I drew the cash for my clothing and rations that I didn't draw while a prisoner and on detached service as a scout. I sent that home and when I got home I had nearly seven hundred dollars. So much for the advice and influence of a good man.

I remember how anxious we all were to get to the front. We thought it a great injustice that after we had enlisted for the express purpose of fighting we were not taken to where we could get a chance at the Johnnies. We got the chance and we got through with the job. All of us that lived to tell about it can conscientiously say that we were perfectly willing to quit, not that one of us was sorry for what we had done. Nothing short of a victory would have satisfied us.

I well remember two battles our regiment took part in. In one—it was November 30, 1864,—my company went in with forty-one men and marched off the field with eleven and every one of the eleven was more or less wounded, but able to march. I was on the skirmish line. The Rebs didn't throw out any skirmishers but

charged right on to us in line of battle, and our whole skirmish line, at least the portion where I was, was captured. The fight began about four o'clock in the afternoon and went on until midnight. The Rebs charged our lines five columns out seven times and were repulsed every time. I was captured in the first charge, and when the Rebs fell back to reform for the second charge, the rear column was within a few feet of where we prisoners were being guarded in a thicket of sassafras bushes. When the line of battle was formed and the bugle sounded the forward double quick, I was sitting on the ground with my back against a small tree. A sergeant of C Company and the Reb lieutenant in charge of the guards over us were having an argument over how the war was going to end. The lieutenant said something that the sergeant didn't reply to. I told the lieutenant that we were going to drive them all into the last ditch and I would be there to stand guard over him and see that he stayed in the ditch. He said, "Young fellow, you have done all in this war that you'll ever have a chance to do. We have places to put such fellows as you."

I said, "Yes, I have been in two of them and I know so much about them places that you won't have me in one an hour from now."

He laughed big and loud. I only said what I did to be saucy and mean, because the lieutenant was a better talker than the sergeant. I had no more idea of trying to get away just then than I had of trying to fly. But

saying what I did put me to thinking and a fellow thought fast them days.

Just as I finished speaking the bugle sounded the charge and I, without getting up, whirled onto my all fours and went in among them Johnnie legs like a scared cat. I didn't have a gun or knapsack to bother me. When I got through the first column I got to my feet and the way I elbowed my way through the next four columns made the Johnnies look like tin soldiers. If they ever paid any attention to me I didn't know it and I didn't seem to have the time to spare to stop and find out. I came very near going back once. I happened to think that I had forgotten to tell the lieutenant good-by and that worried me.

How I ever got across that three hundred yards or more of open field is more than I have ever been able to figure out. The bullets struck the ground just like you have seen big rain drops during a sun shower. I wondered why they didn't hit me. I had ten through my clothes, haversack, canteen and tin cup. One cut the blood out just above my right ear; two went through my tin cup strapped on the outside of my haversack. The strap that held the tin cup onto the haversack was shot in two, and the cup dropped on the battlefield, and I found it two days after when I was sent back under a flag of truce to help bury the dead. The cup had four holes through it made by two bullets passing through. Some of the bullets in passing through my clothing got familiar enough to burn the hide just a little in two or

three places. I didn't know anything about it until the next morning, at Nashville, I felt some sore spots and in looking to see the cause found the bullet holes in my clothes. I guess I was scared so bad I didn't have any feeling.

The Johnnies didn't know how to commence to run. When I got to our hurriedly thrown up breastworks they were only half way across the field. The reason I didn't run faster was because I had reached my speed limit and the reason I ran at all was because I hadn't learned to fly. If ever a fellow jumped into a hell on earth I did. When I went over our works I jumped right into one of the most desperate hand to hand battles ever fought by civilized men, and without a gun. I picked up a gun that belonged to some poor fellow who had been killed or wounded. It was loaded and the ramrod was in on top of the load but no cap on the gun. I still had on my belt with cartridge box and cap box. I put on a cap and blazed away at the thickest bunch of gray in sight, shooting ramrod and all. The gray was in front and in the rear and all mixed through. When the first Rebel charge that captured me reached our battle line, a new regiment to the left of our regiment ran like a flock of wild turkeys, and that let the Rebel brigade to our left file right and march in behind us. There we were, five columns of Rebs in front and one in our rear between us and our reserves. My B Company was the left company of the regiment. We were right at the works. We didn't have to hunt to find Rebs to interest us. I

had to stop once to look at one of the men of my company fight. He was a man twenty-seven years old, six feet two inches tall, raw boned, broad shoulders, muscular and active as a cat. He had his Springfield rifle clubbed and was striking deliberate, well directed blows, one right after another, and with every blow a man went down to stay down. That man had as pleasant a smile on his face as I ever saw on any one's face. While I was looking he fell dead, shot in the forehead. Just then a Johnnie bounced up in front of me, made a pass at me with his bayonet and ordered me to surrender. I thought I had surrendered once that day and made my escape and that ought to satisfy any reasonable army, so I ignored his order.

Colonel Opedyke's brigade, which was our reserve, charged up to reinforce us. We had the Johnnies that had marched in behind us between our line and Opedyke's line, and we made short work of them. We issued orders to surrender and they did the surrendering. The whole brigade threw down their arms and was marched in column off the field and across the Harpeth River on the road to Nashville. We then turned and did our best to entertain the gentlemen in our immediate front. Confederate General Adams rode his horse with his front feet on to the top of our works. He and his horse both fell dead at the same time, the horse's head, neck and forelegs inside of our works.

When our supply train had got safely out of the way

we moved on to Nashville. The battle of Franklin was fought to save our trains.

That night, marching into Nashville, an officer got off his horse and told me to get on, saying that I was a tired-looking boy. I didn't ride far until I went to sleep and fell off the horse and rolled twenty feet down an embankment. I crawled back up the bank and got on the horse again and I didn't fall off again. It isn't any wonder that I went to sleep. I had lain down for only two hours in three days and nights.

We were on the retreat and had been from Columbia, Tennessee, to draw Hood as far away from Sherman's rear as possible. Hood had gotten the idea into his head that it was a small, before-breakfast job to whip the handful of Yankees in front of him and march up through Kentucky into Illinois, Indiana and Ohio and prance all over the rich middle northern states and ship more supplies south than the Confederacy could use. So confident was he that he formed his lines of battle around Nashville and gave General Thomas a certain time in which to surrender or he would besiege the place. Thomas called his bluff and waited fifteen days, and he didn't lay siege or march into the northern states either, and on the early morning of December 15, 1864, the entire Union Army moved out to give battle to Hood.

On that and the following day the great battle of Nashville was fought. It was a clear, frosty morning. The ground had been covered with three or four inches

of snow which had about half melted away, then frozen hard and left the ground covered with ice and frozen snow. The ball opened early and the Rebs soon began to fall back. We captured some early in the day who wanted to quit and why shouldn't they want to quit? No one of them had enough clothes to wad a single-barreled shotgun and many of them had nothing on their feet but any old rags that they could get hold of, which very soon wore out. Some had old worn out shoes that let their feet on to the snow and ice and many of them left blood in their tracks.

Late in the evening they took a very determined stand behind a stone fence. We were ordered to charge the fence. We charged down the slope of a hill and across a turnpike and them Johnnies stayed behind that wall until we began to push the top rocks off the wall on to their side. I guess they thought the Yanks would be coming over next so they lit out across a field of corn stalks. They treated us pretty rough when we were coming down that hill and across the turnpike, but we paid them back before they got into the timber on the far side of the field.

We went to the woods to camp and the Johnnies went to the top of the next ridge. When we got to the woods it was getting dark. George, my bunkie, made a fire and I went back into the field to look for water. We remembered a little drain of surface water in the field. I took our canteens and coffee pot and found a pool and filled everything. The weather was moderating and the snow

and ice were melting. The water was good and cold to drink and made good coffee. The next morning I went back to get some more water, and about twenty feet above where I got the water a man shot through the head lay with his head in the little stream. I called George. We didn't say much. We were like the boy the calf had run over,—we couldn't think of anything to say that we thought was strong enough to fit the occasion. I can't say that I was really sick but I felt queer, and George said he did. George looked sick, and he said I did. We didn't have any coffee that morning and we didn't drink any water.

We moved out early and knocked the Johnnies off that ridge and across a little valley on to another ridge and just kept them going like that all day. Late that evening we went into camp in a beautiful rich valley. General A. J. Smith, our corps commander, and his staff were sitting on their horses on the ridge we had just driven the Johnnies off, when General Thomas, better known in the army as Pap Thomas, and his staff rode up. General Thomas pointed down toward the valley and said, "Whoever gave the sixteenth corps the name of Smith's gorillas was undoubtedly well acquainted with the corps. That looks military and like army discipline, don't it?"

Thomas was a strict disciplinarian—Smith was not.

General Smith said, "They are fighting devils. Did you see them make the charge on this ridge? The best soldiers on earth."

General Thomas could say no more. Captain Morgan, one of General Smith's staff officers who had been a private in my company, told us this. He said the men in the valley were like a swarm of ants—men going in every possible direction carrying everything that could be produced in that valley, and every man that wasn't carrying something was going after something to carry.

We moved on the next morning but there was no more fighting with Hood's army. Their fighting days in front of Nashville were like the Indians' fresh meat —they lasted pretty quick. We followed them up so close that by the time we reached the Tennessee River what men we hadn't taken prisoners had come into our lines and surrendered or deserted and gone home. Of all the cold and hungry men that I've ever seen those prisoners were the worst. They had to be seen to be fully realized.

General Hood didn't get across the Tennessee River with men enough to form a corporal's guard. I guess by this time he had forgotten all about his anticipated trip into the northern states. I will never forget a little Johnnie I captured near Clifton, Tennessee, just as we reached the Tennessee River. Like myself, he was only a boy, about a year older than I. He was a pitiful sight. I kept him as my prisoner all night and did all I could for him. The next morning the officer who was looking after the prisoners came and got him. We hated to separate, and thirty-seven years later we met in his home town.

I was a good miner and a jackleg mining engineer; I had come to North Carolina to look over and study the possibility and probabilities of its being a mining district. I went to a little town west of Ashville to make my headquarters. About the first man I got acquainted with was the sheriff of the county. He had been county surveyor and public surveyor for many years and knew those mountains better than the oldest fox in them. He said he had a good horse and often he and the horse had nothing to do and he would gladly go with me almost any time and show me the trails through the mountains. He said, "It seems like I have known you always." I felt the same way about him. The first day we went out together we rode until noon and stopped at the cabin of one of his mountaineer acquaintances and had a good dinner. The latch string always hangs out for strangers in western North Carolina. In fact, there are no strangers when it comes to something to eat and a place to sleep, and people make you feel that the pleasure is all theirs.

When we had ridden a little way after dinner he got to telling me about being in the Confederate Army and all about the Franklin and Nashville campaign and how a Yankee boy captured him near Clifton, Tennessee. He hadn't talked long until I began to suspicion who he was. I let him talk on and asked him a question or two that made him look sideways at me. He told me the little Yankee gave him a good pair of shoes and a warm pair of wool socks and a thick flannel shirt and all

the rations he had in his haversack, and went and drew more rations. He said if the war had lasted ten years longer he never would have fired another bullet in the direction of a Yankee for fear he might have hit that little Yankee. After he had got through talking I asked him if he hadn't forgotten something. He gave me a very keen look and said, "What do you know about it?"

I said, "I was in the Yankee Army and I can tell you something you had forgotten. Didn't you and that Yankee lie around a log fire that night, and the Yankee loaned you his overcoat to keep you warm and wrapped his blanket around himself? And what did you do with the pipe and tobacco that Yankee gave you?"

He grabbed me and if I hadn't been a good horseman he would have pulled me off my horse. He hugged me and cried like a child. "I am not much of a praying man," he said, "but if I ever prayed earnestly for anything it was that you might get through the war and get home safe."

I asked him if he was satisfied that I was the little Yankee. He said he knew it; said he had realized from our first meeting that there was something very unusual about his feelings toward me. I suppose my capturing him and the incidents connected with it made a much deeper impression on him than it had on me.

After seeing Hood's finish we lay in camp long enough to rest and clean up. Then we got on transports and went to Eastport, Mississippi. We arrived there January 13, 1865. The very night we got there the

weather turned cold and kept getting colder until the Tennessee River froze up tighter than Dick's hat band, and we were out of rations and the transports loaded with our rations were frozen solid in the ice one hundred and twenty-five miles down the river. We happened to have plenty of corn and hay for the mules; put the mules on straight hay and the commissary issued one pint of corn per day to each man. We had to eat corn for nine days straight.

Some of the boys of my company thought they would make a little joke of eating corn. They borrowed a halter from one of the teamsters and buckled it around a big, tall fellow's neck and two of the boys took hold of the lead rope and led him along in front of General Smith's headquarters. When they got right in front of the general's tent the big fellow reared back on the rope and braced his legs and pulled back like a stubborn mule and began to bray. He could imitate a mule to such perfection as to make a mule ashamed of himself. They expected the general to take the thing as a joke, but it made him mad and he had the boys arrested and ordered them put on double guard duty. After a few hours the general saw the funny side of it and ordered the boys released.

By this time the river had thawed out so the boats got to us with our rations. That was one time we appreciated Uncle Sam's rations. February 9th we boarded transports and started for New Orleans. By the time we got to Cairo, Illinois, we were out of rations again.

The boats landed to draw rations and when the corps' commissary went to the post commissary with a requisition he was told that he didn't belong to that department and couldn't have any rations. All the commissary could do was to report the matter to General Smith. The post commissary building was at the top of the levee on the front street, facing the river. A lot of us boys were off the boats to stretch our legs and see what we might find. Our commissary had told a lot of us that he had been refused rations. When we saw General Smith coming up the levee we knew he was mad and that there would probably be some fun. So we were at the post commissary by the time the general got there. He went in and said, "I understand you refuse to issue rations to my corps."

The commissary said, "If you will get a special order from department headquarters you can have rations."

By that time Smith was boiling over. He was a powerful man. He grabbed a big burlap sack with two big sides of bacon in it and threw it on to the sidewalk and said, "Boys, help yourselves."

That sack only touched the sidewalk until it was on its way to the boats. Next came a number of boxes of hardtack, then packages and bundles of all kinds, then a barrel of beans. He rolled it out with his foot and it came out like it had been shot out of a cannon, and the boys were right in behind it, and it never stopped rolling until it was on board a boat. So was everything else the general had thrown out. By this time the

general was getting out of breath. He stopped and said, "Major, the sixteenth corps is hungry, and it never stays hungry long when there are rations in sight. When those men are hungry they are mean, and if you don't issue rations on a requisition from my commissary I will be obliged to send a detail of men up here to get what rations we need."

The major said, "General, if you send men up here some of them will surely get hurt. I will defend this place with my life."

General Smith stepped up to the major and shook his forefinger pretty close to the major's nose and said, "You don't know what you are talking about. There are men in the sixteenth corps who would take your shooting irons away from you with their bare hands, pick the bullets out of them with their finger nails and make you eat the bullets without salt or pepper, and you take my advice—if you compel me to send men here, don't start anything, for you wouldn't last until you were all gone."

We got all the rations we needed and got them on our commissary's requisition and nobody got hurt.

II

OUTWITTING THE ROAD AGENTS

My partners and I contracted in December for six thousand head of mixed cattle to be delivered the next May. Most of the cattle were in Montana, but two lots were in Idaho; one of fourteen hundred head was in Market Lake, a station on the Utah and Northern, a narrow gauge railroad from Ogden, Utah, to Battle City, Montana. I made arrangements with Adams Brothers, whom I had bought the cattle from, to hire me a competent foreman and to have him help them buy fifty good cow ponies, a four horse team, wagon, harness, and camp outfit, and to hire seven cowboys.

When the first of May came around I left Greeley, Colorado, with a letter of credit for fifty thousand dollars from our bank at Greeley to Harkness and Company's bank at Ogden. When I arrived at Ogden, I learned that there was only one daily train going north over the Utah and Northern, and that left Ogden at five-fifteen in the morning. I called at the bank and arranged with Mr. Harkness, the president, to meet me at four o'clock the next morning. We went to the bank and stuffed fifty thousand dollars in greenbacks into a big old-fashioned leather valise I had bought for that purpose. Mr. Harkness went with me to the station. He did

some plain talking to me in the hearing of the people who were hanging around the station about a note of mine that was past due. He wanted me to say when I could pay it. I got on the train without saying much about it. This was in the days when the cars were heated with coal stoves with a built-in iron coal box behind the stove. I walked into the car and pitched that old rusty-looking valise on top of the coal box. I walked back five or six seats and sat down as unconcerned as if the valise only contained a couple of pair of dirty socks and a paper collar, which we all wore in those days. There were twelve or fifteen passengers in the car, all men, and apparently I paid no more attention to that valise than they did. But I expect I was thinking more about it, and if anyone had attempted to walk out with it I would have been the first fellow to raise an objection.

At nine-thirty we got to the narrows of Snake River, where a big stream is forced through a rock gorge fifty feet wide. Here we got a much-needed breakfast. Everything was new and in the rough. The eating house was built of rough lumber. The entrance was the office, and off to the right was the dining room. I walked in with my valise, gave it a pitch, and kicked it as it went under a small round table in one corner of the office. I told the clerk not to let anyone get away with it, as all the clothes I had except what I had on were in it. I said that I was going to Montana to look for work, and the Lord only knew when I could buy any more.

I went into the dining room, and about the first thing I noticed was that there was no seat from which I could see the table in the office. But I sat down where I could see anyone who might go toward the table. Thinking about the valise didn't prevent me from eating a big breakfast and a good breakfast, served by as pretty a girl as ever waited on me.

The next station, twelve miles up the road, was Market Lake. I had never met the Adams Brothers, as another party had made the contract with them for their cattle. When I got off the train I saw a man that I knew was a cattle man. I saw he was looking for someone, and guessed that someone was myself, so I walked up to the gentleman and made myself known. Sure enough, it was one of the Adams Brothers. I hadn't forgotten that old rusty-looking valise and left it on the train. I had it right with me. Mr. Adams said, "I have a buggy back of the store. Let me take your grip." I handed it over. Adams put it into the back of the buggy and we started for the ranch three miles away. I felt as safe about the fifty thousand dollars as if it had been locked in the best safety vault in New York City.

It didn't take many days to gather the cattle off the range, count them and get shaped up ready for the trail to Lemhi Junction, about one hundred miles. That was the next place where I had to collect cattle from Mormons. I had to pay them gold. None of the ranchmen would take checks on account of the troubles

and killings there had been because of worthless checks, and the Mormons wouldn't take greenbacks. I paid the Adams Brothers twenty-seven thousand five hundred dollars, leaving twenty-two thousand five hundred in the old leather valise. I wadded my clothes in on top of it, tied the valise in a thick burlap sack, and put it in the grub wagon. I told the foreman to see that it got to Lemhi Junction, that I would be there when he got there. No one in that part of the country but Mr. Harkness and the Adams Brothers knew that I was carrying this money.

I got on a train and went to Cames, a little station at the foot of the Beaver Head Mountains. No one lived there but a station agent, a section gang, and a man and his wife named Stewart, who kept a large supply store. The new railroad had cut off the old stage and freight road from Ogden to the foot of Beaver Head Mountains, making this station the railroad point for the U. S. mail, passenger travel and freight for a large section of country. I had wired from Market Lake to Harkness to ship me twenty thousand dollars in gold. The day after I got to Cames the gold arrived. But how was I to get it to Lemhi Junction? I took it to Stewart's store, and told him that it had to go to Lemhi Junction, and that it wouldn't do to risk it on the stage, as the road agents were almost sure to get it. I thought of rigging up a pack outfit and going through the mountains playing prospector. Stewart thought we could beat that with less trouble. He said, "We will pack the gold

into horse shoe nail boxes—I have plenty of them—and ship it to Henry Stevens at Lemhi as horse shoe nails."

We worked until twelve o'clock that night getting the gold boxed. The next morning Stewart put it on the platform outside of his store where goods were loaded and unloaded. It wasn't long until I saw a freighter putting it into his six mule wagon, billed to Henry Stevens, Lemhi Junction. Stevens did an immense supply business and owned the road house and stage stand. It was a hundred and forty miles by stage from Cames to Lemhi Junction, all the way through an almost unsettled, mountainous country. There were only two small Mormon settlements in one hundred and forty miles.

At eleven o'clock, one of my partners, a young man from Ohio, and a Jew drummer came in on the train from the north. Stewart knew the drummer and told him that if he had any money with him not to take it on the stage, as there were from one to three hold-ups every twenty-four hours within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles. If he wanted the money to go over the same road he was taking, he had better send it as we had sent the gold. He laughed at that and asked if we thought he looked green. He said he had been handling money for twenty-five years and had always been able to take care of it without any help or advice. We were satisfied that he had money, and we really wanted to protect the fellow. My partner said: "If you have any money you'd better express it on the train to

your house, as you are up against conditions now that you never met with before, and I would advise you not to take risks." The Jew said he had no money, and that if he had he wouldn't pay the charges and insurance that the express company demanded.

About that time the stage was ready to hit the road. We got in behind six good horses and sailed right along at ten miles an hour. We changed horses every twelve miles and were getting over the road in great shape until about four o'clock. As we were passing through a timbered country the stage came to a very sudden stop. We looked out to see what was wrong, and by jolly, we soon found out, for we looked right into the muzzles of three forty-five six-shooters. I imagined that I could see the bullets, and they looked as big as Missouri pumpkins. There was a man behind each of the guns with his finger on the trigger and his thumb on the hammer, pulled back to the last notch. The expression on these fellow's faces was not such as you would expect to find on a Sunday school teacher. Our driver was looking into the muzzle of the fourth gun. The first thing we heard was, "Hands up, gentlemen, and get out and line up like soldiers on dress parade." You bet three of us didn't wait for the second invitation. The drummer acted as if he didn't want to get out. He got a second command, and it was given so forcibly that he didn't wait for a third. You can rest assured that we kept our hands up. It was the height of fashion in them days, and we were always particular to follow

the fashions, especially the road fashions. While two of the gentlemen kept our attention strictly attracted to themselves, the third one relieved us of our shooting irons, took all the cartridges out of the guns and belts, and threw the guns and belts into the coach. Then he set the baggage out on the ground in front of us. I hadn't any baggage. He went through my partner's and the Ohio man's grips and found nothing he wanted. The drummer had two grips and a sample case. In the two grips were four thousand two hundred dollars in currency. The next thing was our pocketbooks. The drummer had something over thirty dollars, the Ohio man had sixteen, my partner nine, and I had twelve dollars. The Jew had been talking, begging and swearing ever since we had been stopped. I told him to shut up and give a man a chance to talk that could talk. Then I said, "Look here, fellows, you are rubbing it in pretty hard on me. I don't know how it is with these gentlemen, but I have got to stay at Lemhi Junction a day and a night, and you know Henry Stevens doesn't set up grub and bed to anyone on jaw bone. Then I have to get over the mountains to Bannock City. I have a job there to work for Phil Sheenan."

The fellow who had the money said, "I used to work for Phil. I'll give you back ten dollars." My partner said, "Can you treat us all alike?"

"No," he said. "I know by the looks of you fellows' clothes you can wire home for money." I was dressed like a cowboy and looked like one, and it was good for

ten dollars that time. I couldn't help feeling sorry for the drummer. I never saw a man so torn up over anything. There was really no sympathy due him, as we had tried hard to protect him and he turned us down. When he got to Lemhi Junction the next morning he told Henry Stevens about the lies we had told him about shipping money in freight wagons, and that we belonged to the road agents and stood in with the fellows that held us up. Such is life.

I put Stevens wise to the shipment of horse shoe nails. The freight wagon with the gold and the cattle outfit from Market Lake got in together some days later. It amused me to see Stevens' men handle those boxes of gold with the other freight. It made me think how a little acting will fool people. I found my valise in the sack just as I had left it at Market Lake. No one ever suspicioned that there was a dollar in that valise. I took it to our room and showed my partner what I had done, and he said, "Well, I thought the shipping of that gold was the limit, but this knocks the last persimmon off the bush. Jack, I don't know of anything that equals your nerve unless it is your lack of good looks and your natural-born cussedness."

We soon received the one thousand head of cattle from the Mormons, paid them the twenty thousand dollars in gold and hit the stage and freight road over the mountains to Phil Sheenan's ranch, not to work as cowboys but to receive a lot of cattle and pay him with the currency I had left. We then had three thousand

three hundred head of cattle. We drove thirty-five miles to Dillon and met our general foreman with the rest of the cattle that had been contracted for in Montana. We started the whole outfit on the trail to our headquarter ranch on Tongue River, Wyoming, and then I got on a train on my way to old Mexico.

III

MINING IN OLD MEXICO

In the very early 'eighties I had a mining office in Denver, Colorado. I did not claim to be an M. E. (mining engineer), but I did claim to be a E. M. & P. (expert miner and prospector). I thought I knew that every ten foot hole sunk in the ground would not make a big, rich mine, no matter how much money might be spent in development. Therefore, I was not looked upon favorably by the class of men who made it a business in the boom mining camps to sink ten foot holes, regardless of location, for the express purpose of selling them to tenderfeet.

I had gained some reputation for being cold blooded in regard to mine prospects. One morning I received a letter from a gentleman in Westchester, Pennsylvania, saying I had been recommended as a safe man to send to Old Mexico to examine a mine property, as I was considered competent and cold blooded and spoke and understood the Spanish language. He also wished to know what my charges would be to make an expert examination and write my report and my yearly salary to superintend and operate the mine in case I found the ore of sufficient value to justify development. He was sure I would approve of the property, as they

had two separate reports by prominent college professors, both claiming it to be a rich prospect that would make the biggest and richest silver mine ever heard of; but to satisfy some of the members of the company he had written to an acquaintance in Denver to recommend a practical man to make the third and final examination.

I never knew who the gentleman was who recommended me. I wrote, stating prices and that I would go as soon as I could finish up what work I had on hand, which would only require a few weeks. In due time I received a letter saying that my prices, terms and conditions were all accepted, and to go as soon as possible. The letter also gave me quite a synopsis of the professors' reports, saying the two reports were identical so far as values and natural conditions were concerned. The writer felt sure that on account of the high standing of the men I would be obliged to agree fully with their reports. They gave the width of the vein as twelve feet, with a tunnel seven feet high and driven twenty feet on the vein. A cold-blooded sample taken over the entire face gave an assay value of three hundred and seventeen dollars per ton and individual samples taken from any part of the face varied very little, only a few cents per ton. Every pound of the ore taken out of the tunnel had been shipped away and sold to the smelters, and the owner was selling on account of not having the money to develop the mine.

That didn't sound good to me. My suspicions were aroused, so much so that I would have bet my ears that

there was a nigger in that woodpile—I could smell him —and he smelled like salt. I knew Mr. Mexican was an artist when it came to salting a prospect. I also knew he had overlooked a bit when he made his values run the same from foot wall to hanging wall, as all silver veins are much richer on the hanging wall if there has been no displacement. I knew if there was really such a vein the Mexican would never offer it for sale on account of not having money to work on. A native Don doesn't have to have money to work on when he is taking out shipping ore. If he doesn't have transportation of his own he can always hire all he wants, and pay when the ore is sold. The mining is all done by peons and they don't give them anything but a ration that would not feed an American dog, not a colored man's dog. The peon is supposed to get from four to six dollars per month, but it takes all that to pay the interest on the debt that makes him a slave. The law allows the Don to charge any rate of interest that he sees fit. I will show later on how the interest on the peon's debt was made to work.

I went to Mexico as per agreement. I went with a chip on my shoulder. I stopped at El Paso and hired an interpreter, a man who had worked for me before. He was an American—born and raised on the border, couldn't speak English until after he was fifteen years old. I knew many American families between the Nueces River and the Rio Grande whose children from twelve to fifteen years of age could not speak English.

When I went to that mine I was supposed not to speak or understand a word of Spanish, therefore an interpreter was necessary. I had written the owner of the property from Denver about what time I would be there. All Mexicans think that no Americans but Texans can speak Spanish, so they were not in the least suspicious of me. About the first thing I learned after getting to the supposed mine was that they had drilled the face of the tunnel as full of small holes as a pepper box lid. I soon learned from the talk among themselves that the holes were drilled in six feet. With a little work with a pick and hammer I soon learned that they had forced in silver chloride and small grains of native silver and then tamped in rock so scientifically that such men as the two professors would never notice that there had been any holes drilled. I kept my interpreter busy away from where I was most of the time, as the Mexicans would not talk to each other in his presence but did not hesitate to talk before me. In that way I learned many things that helped me.

The property belonged to Don Carlos Garcia. He was right there on the job showing all about the great mine and telling me through the interpreter how to take my samples, and how sorry he was that he was obliged to dispose of such a wonderful mine. He explained that it would not be necessary to drill more than a foot or two into the face of the tunnel to get a good average sample. But when he learned that I was going to drill six foot holes with one and one-fourth

inch steel and load them heavy and shoot out the whole face he jerked off his hat, whipped his leg with it and said, "Carramba," and many other things that would not sound good in the presence of ladies or anywhere else. I saw very little of Don Carlos after that. I cleaned out all the salted vein matter and drove ahead ten feet, took good average samples, had them assayed in El Paso, Kansas City, and Denver, showing an average value of forty-seven cents per ton. I then sent the company a brief report with assay certificates and a letter explaining the matter in detail. Just as soon as transportation facilities could get them there the president and two other members of the company were on the ground. The president was the maddest and most excited man I ever saw. He looked like he would explode. He rushed up to me saying, "Are you Mr. Lord?"

I said, "Some people call me that sometimes, but most of the boys call me Jack."

He held up some papers in his right hand, saying, "Sir, have you the unlimited gall and self-conceit to condemn this property in the face of these reports, made by such eminent men as—?" naming the professors.

I said, "I haven't anything to say for or against those men. They are undoubtedly honest and done the best they knew."

"Do you, sir, presume to attempt to put yourself and your knowledge on a par with those men?"

I told him there was no argument necessary, that the

men who wrote those reports had been beautifully salted, and all the facts, proof and arguments in the case could be found in that tunnel.

"Well, sir," he said, "I suppose you don't intend to retract any of your written statements in regard to this property?"

"Not one," I said.

"Then, sir," he said, "allow me to inform you that your services are at an end so far as I am concerned with this company, and I think the other members of the company will agree with me."

I thanked him and said, "You have saved me the trouble of discharging myself. But if you have anything further to say to me, please say it in a gentlemanly manner, and don't forget."

The president walked away and got the interpreter and was looking over things in general. The other two men remained with me and asked me not to feel offended, as the president was to be pitied. He had never earned nor made a dollar in his life; had been brought up an only child by very wealthy and indulgent parents who had gratified his every wish, all of which had ruined his whole life. His parents died when he was twenty-five, and he was now forty-five and all he had done for twenty years was to make himself disagreeable because the public would not cater to his whims as his parents had done. He had inherited an immense fortune, and on account of his money he was tolerated, but friends he had none. The men said they understood this

situation. I explained to them that those professors were undoubtedly chemists and metallurgists, but had never done an hour's practical mining in their lives.

These men told me they had money and were making money every day, but they would not put another dollar into this proposition. They would like to play the mining game and, like any one who gambles, they would like to win if possible; but if they lost any reasonable amount it would not cripple them financially.

They asked me if I would undertake to find them something that I would consider worthy of development. I told them I would try.

The president settled up and paid me for what time I had put in, but thought I had been a great detriment to the future of his company.

In a few days the interpreter and I got a couple of good saddle ponies, four good burros, a camp outfit, some provisions, tools, a little bedding, and struck out. We examined every prospect we could hear of and hunted for undiscovered ones on government lands. We found a number of prospects, and did some work on some of them only to turn them down. When we had been out two months, a Mexican came to our camp late one evening, said he was a peon and worked in a mine eight miles from our camp. If we would give him something to eat and let him sleep in our camp and go with him before daylight in the morning he would take us to an old man who he thought could show us what we were looking for; said he had not seen the place but

had seen a piece of the ore and it was very rich and the old man told him there was plenty of it. He took us six or seven miles to a man seventy-three years old. He had been a peon since he was twelve. His father had been a peon all his life for a debt of twenty-four dollars and when he died the debt fell on his twelve-year-old boy, and when the boy was seventy-one years old he still owed the twenty-four dollars. He had got so old that he could not do much hard work, and his patrone (the man he owed) did not want to feed him any longer, so by mutual consent the debt was transferred to his sixteen-year-old son, and the old man was free to get a living or starve. Is it any wonder there are revolutions in Mexico?

We let the old man ride one of our horses and we took it by turns riding and walking. He took us about twelve miles and showed us a three foot vein of the richest ore I ever saw. Horn silver wire, silver with silver chlorides scattered all through it. The old man had found it by accident and kept it covered for more than a year and let no one know of it for fear it would be taken away from him. It was on government land and the fellow who could get his location on it first and get his papers filed in the proper office first was the fellow who had title, and it required some money, which the old man didn't have.

The old man told us how he found it. He had a job herding and looking after the lame and sore-backed mules and burros of a big pack train and would always

take a light pick with him and do a little prospecting. One evening while on his way to camp he was coming down a very steep mountain and when near the foot where the surface was well covered by a heavy growth of moss and pine needles he slipped and came near falling. He threw out his pick to catch himself and in doing so pulled the moss and trash off the vein and broke a piece of horn silver off the out-crop. He had worked in the mines most of his life and knew good ore. He examined it enough to know it was a good, strong vein, then put the moss and pine needles back in place to look natural, then hoped and prayed some American would come along, or he or some of his friends might some day get out to El Paso and interest some American. We, the Americanos, had come all right and were sure interested.

The old man was up in G as we uncovered the vein and found the high grade ore cropping for a distance of over thirty feet and good smelting ore cropping for a hundred and fifty yards up the mountain. I soon made a deal with the old man and made the location in the name of my Pennsylvania friends, who were putting up the money. I soon got action on that proposition and was taking out ore that by sorting was worth from two thousand to fifteen thousand dollars per ton. In six months I had in a sixty-tone water jacket smelter, and in twelve months I was working twelve hundred and sixty men.

Getting those men was some job. There is a small

per cent of the working people in Mexico who are free. I soon got about two hundred of them and through them and their friends I bought or paid out of debt over one thousand peons for from twenty to forty-seven dollars per head, except one man. I had to pay eighty-six dollars to get him. Nearly every free man that I had either had a friend or relative who was peoned to Don So-and-So, and they were all anxious to come and work for me; if I would loan them the money to pay them out they would gladly pay me back two dollars for one, which I refused to accept. I was too glad to get the men. We paid a dollar a day cash and the men fed and lodged themselves. The Mexicans paid four to six dollars per month; that all went to pay the interest on their peonage debt. Then they gave a single man one peck of shelled corn and two pounds of meat and a little salt a week, and a married man got just double that amount, no matter what the size of his family. My men would tell me of one or two, sometimes eight or ten peons who wanted me to send them money to pay out. My men would always know how much each peon was in debt and I would give them the Mexican silver dollars. When the peon got the money he went to the patrone with two witnesses and demanded his freedom in writing, and the patrone was obliged to give it and take the money, but, according to the peons, the patrones called me everything but a gentleman. They were sore at me for getting that mine, and when I went to getting their peons that put the fat all

in the fire. Those same Dons were as polite to me as a French dancing master when I would meet them; at the same time they would have enjoyed sticking a knife in my back. I had friends who kept me posted. In paying out of debt over a thousand peons I never lost a cent, but I made enemies.

It got so that if I had to make a trip I always had it get around that I was going to a certain place on a certain morning, but I would not go. I would do that for several mornings and when I did get ready to go I always went in some other direction from the one I said I was going, and always took from four to six armed men with me, men who would have delighted in drawing a bead on a Don. You can imagine the feeling that existed between the classes.

The patrone of the man I paid eighty-six dollars for wrote me a very polite note and signed his name to it, asking me to go armed as he intended to kill me on sight for getting that man away from him. But he didn't do it when he had a chance. We knew each other slightly. I had examined two prospects of his while I was prospecting. He had a good mine in successful operation, a large tract of land, and thousands of cattle, sheep and goats. He had the appearance of being a very decent sort of fellow. His place was twenty miles from our camp and we never met until six months after he wrote me that note. I had occasion to go to Kansas City on account of our high-grade ore and bullion shipments. I had to stay over night at El Paso and take the Pull-

man Flyer for Kansas City at seven-thirty in the morning. Before leaving the hotel I thought I would put my forty-five in my grip. Then I thought of what the cowboy told the preacher at Dodge City, Kansas, in the boom trail days.

A west bound train stopped at Dodge City where a young preacher stepped off the train near to where a cowboy was standing, and pointing to his six-shooter asked him if he had ever killed anyone with that murderous-looking instrument. The cowboy said no and he hoped he never would.

"Then why do you carry it? Why don't you throw it away?" asked the preacher.

The cowboy gave him a searching look, saying, "Mister, I guess you are a stranger in this neck of the woods or you would know that if I should need it I would need it damned quick."

I buckled mine on and in due time I leisurely stepped aboard the train, not giving anybody or anything a second's thought, and when I was located I went back to the smoking compartment to enjoy a smoke. When I stepped to the door, which stood open, who should sit right there facing me but Don Pedro Gonzales, the gentleman who had written me the polite note telling me he intended to kill me on sight. I did the only thing I could think of just then and that was to flip my gun out as quick as I knew how and that was not slow, for I was not clumsy with either a Winchester or forty-five.

I politely requested the Don to elevate his hands slightly above his head and be sure he kept them there and not make any suspicious moves while awaiting further instructions, as I didn't want to do anything rash that I might be sorry for afterwards. My request was complied with almost before it was uttered, and the Don immediately said he was not armed. I told him he must verify that statement by standing up and turning his back to me and I would soon know how truthful he was. Just then the Pullman porter came along. I told him to search that man for a gun. He did so and found only a small pocket knife. I begged the Don's pardon and invited him to take down his hands and have a seat, which he did without waiting for the second invitation. I handed my gun to the porter, took off my cartridge belt and gave him that and told him to take care of them until we got to Kansas City. I sat down, lighted a cigar and the Don and I began to visit. He apologized like a little man for the note he had written. I told him I had the note, was going to keep it as a souvenir. He said he was entirely wrong, that I had a perfect right to furnish the man money to pay himself out of peonage.

I asked him what on earth his idea was in charging the man one dollar and sixty cents on the dollar interest. He said that man was the best peon he ever saw and the slickest, most successful gambler, and since Americans had got to mining in the country and paying such big cash wages that the fellow could win enough some

Saturday night and Sunday to pay himself out, and the Don intended to make the interest eat up his winnings if they should be pretty big.

The Don and I spent the most of the time together on the way to Kansas City, stopped at the same hotel and went back to Mexico together, the best of friends.

I worked the mine three years and took out a big bunch of clear money. My Pennsylvania friends sold the mine for seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars cash, and fixed the old man that showed us the mine with a big ranch with plenty of land under irrigation, five thousand head of range cattle and five thousand sheep and goats and money to buy tools and run it for three years.

My friend, the company president who fired me, paid Don Carlos Garcia ten thousand dollars for his property and spent one hundred and forty thousand dollars for a smelter, buildings and development work, and never got a penny of it back, and then cursed the mining game the balance of his life.

IV

BILLY THE KID

I FIRST saw Billy the Kid (William H. Bonney) as a small boy, playing around the streets in his step-father's harness shop in Silver City, New Mexico. Later I saw him as a cowboy working for John Chisholm. He was then sixteen or seventeen years old, a tall, good looking, athletic chap, an expert rider and roper, and a fine shot with a six-shooter.

I was holding a trail herd of cattle on the south side of the Arkansas River where the town of Rocky Ford now stands. I was waiting for the water to go down so I could cross without danger of quicksands. John Chisholm, one of Texas' biggest cattle raisers, was holding a herd for sale twelve miles up the river. One evening Chisholm's foreman came to my camp and wanted some help in delivering thirty-six hundred head of cattle to some buyers. Our cattle were glad to eat, drink and rest, so we had very little to do. I took five men and the necessary saddle horses and went to help. When I got to Chisholm's camp I was introduced to two gentlemen, the Thompson brothers. They appeared to be men of good manners, polite and sociable, but not talkative. I soon discovered that they were not experienced cattlemen. I also found that they were experts

with the six-shooter as well as good horsemen. Every evening after supper the boys would engage in a little pistol practice which consisted of putting a tomato can on the ground, stepping off twenty steps, and with a forty-five in each hand keeping the can jumping. They also shot a hat thrown in the air. There is where I saw Billy the Kid do some fancy shooting. The Thompson brothers were simply artists. They afterwards turned out to be Frank and Jesse James. Billy the Kid was a very likeable boy, with little to say, but a willing, pleasant and reliable worker.

The next summer Billy was still working for Chisholm. He and the camp cook got into a row. The cook had a frying pan on the fire with a lot of hot grease in it. He grabbed it and either struck or threw it at Billy and some of the grease burned the Kid severely. Billy didn't do a thing but jerk out his pistol and kill the cook—got on his horse and rode away, an outlaw.

Officers and posse men chased him around for nearly a year and finally captured him. They had him in jail for a few days when he smashed the jailer on top of the head with the handcuffs, knocked him senseless, took his pistol and cartridge belt and keys, made the jailer's wife get a file; then he dragged the jailer into an empty cell, made his wife go in with him, locked them in, went to the living rooms, got something to eat and all the cartridges the jailer had; then made a Mexican prisoner file the handcuffs off; then he walked out, locked the door behind him and put the keys in his

pocket. Court was in session and plenty of good horses, with saddles on, were tied everywhere. He took the best looking horse he could see. Everybody was at the court house and Billy rode out of town. You can rest assured that there was no grass growing under that horse's feet.

The officers and deputies chased him for about another year. He killed a number of men during that time, mostly officers and their deputies who were out to capture him, though he killed several men whom he met on the roads and trails,—killed them so they couldn't tell they had seen him. By this time Billy had established a headquarters in the sandhills of the Panhandle of Texas and had got together between eighty and ninety men, every one of them a man with a price on his head. They had all the good horses they wanted, for they didn't hesitate to take one wherever they found him. The sandhills are a big waste of sand blown up into big hills that are constantly on the move, with water only in one place. That is sixty miles from any other water, and if a man didn't know the sandhills he would be almost sure to get lost and he and his horse both die of thirst. There were no roads or trails to guide any one as every little wind obliterated every track, so the officers didn't venture into the sandhills. Billy and his gang didn't have to come out very often, as there was plenty of game—buffalo, deer and antelope. But there was no fun in staying in there all the time, so the boys came out occasionally and held up a train, a bank or two, a few stage coaches and individuals. The local

authorities had simply failed, but while holding up the trains and stages they had robbed the mails and that brought Uncle Sam into the game and he sent a company of cavalry to capture the outlaws.

The gang heard of it and came out in full force. They met between Fort Sumner and Los Vegas and the outlaws whipped the cavalry in an open field fight. That made Billy and his men pretty bold. They rode over the country in squads doing pretty much as they pleased until the cattlemen and other frontier men formed a company to assist the cavalry. They got a buffalo hunter to guide them to the outlaws' camp in the sandhills. The outlaws had been posted and had scattered and gone.

In going into or coming out of the sandhills they came to Pecos River at old Fort Sumner, an abandoned frontier military post. There were buildings enough there to make a good-sized town. A wealthy half-breed Mexican by the name of Pete Maxwell had arranged with the government to look after the property for the privilege of using the reservation as a sheep and cattle range. The nearest white settlement was Los Vegas, one hundred miles away. Billy and his men went back and forth quite regularly, and all the protection Maxwell had was to be friendly with them, which he did. About this time my partners and I, through Senator Teller of Colorado, got a bill passed ordering the sale of Fort Sumner Reservation and everything on it. We bid the land, twenty-four thousand some hundred acres, at one

dollar and twenty-five cents an acre. That included the buildings and everything in them.

In the meantime, a new sheriff had been elected and he put up posters notifying the outlaws that it was war to the death and that he was appointing plenty of deputies—all men that would shoot and shoot to kill. Among his deputies was a man by the name of Pat Garrett. After the election of the new sheriff Billy and his gang had kept pretty well under cover.

I had to go to Fort Sumner to close a deal with Maxwell for eight hundred head of cattle and twenty-five saddle horses. When I got there I found Maxwell leaving for his home ranch thirty-five miles distant; he said he was obliged to go but would be back the next morning and for me to occupy his room and make myself at home. There were several Mexican families living there, the men working for Maxwell. In one of the families was a señorita. She and Billy the Kid were very much in love with each other. There was a young Mexican, Maxwell's foreman, who was very much in love with the señorita also. The girl and her mother favored Billy, but her father was bitterly opposed to Billy's coming to see her. The girl and her mother never told anything, but the old man could tell when Billy was expected by the cleaning and straightening up around the house. He would post the foreman and the latter would manage through his Mexican friends to get word to the sheriff and in that way they hoped to got the drop on the Kid.

This time it worked. About an hour after Maxwell had started for his home ranch Pat Garrett arrived disguised as a Mexican. He spoke Spanish as well as a native. His disguise was perfect but I soon detected him by his voice. He told me that the Kid was expected that night. He said he had met Maxwell, who had told him I was there occupying his room. The Kid always came to Maxwell's room about half past ten or eleven o'clock to sleep until morning, as that was as late as the old folks would let the girl stay up.

Garrett and I went to bed about half past nine. The bed stood out from the wall and was rather high from the floor. I undressed and went to bed on the front side, Garrett lay down on the back of the bed with his clothes on. We had lain there about half an hour when we heard Billy coming. Garrett slid off the bed and squatted behind it with his forty-five in his hand, full cocked. The moon was shining very bright, which made it light in the room. Billy stepped into the room and left the door open behind him and said, "Who is here?" in Spanish. Just as he spoke Garrett raised instantly and fired right over me and Billy fell dead, shot through the heart. He had expected to find Maxwell in the bed; I was lying purposely so he couldn't see my face and had put my clothes where he couldn't see them. But the instant he stepped in the door he suspicioned there was something wrong. Garrett's raising and firing was as quick as thought, but Billy had pulled his pistol almost entirely out of the holster.

Billy was twenty-four years old and had killed twenty-four men single-handed. The outlaw gang lost its brain power when Billy was killed and soon went to pieces. Some were captured, some were killed, and some left that neck of the woods to find safer territory.

V

SQUIRE JEFF

Briggs was a lively little mining camp on Castle Creek, sixty miles north of Phoenix, Arizona, ten miles north of the famous Castle Creek hot springs, where I have seen tomato vines twelve inches in diameter, thirteen years old and bearing tomatoes the year round. Briggs was a small place,—three stores, two or three saloons, a restaurant, post office, company headquarters, and a ten stamp mill and quite a number of tents. But it could sometimes make up with noise for its deficiency in size.

The mill was located at Briggs and the mine was three miles away. The ore had to be hauled on heavy ore wagons to the mill, all the way down hill. There was only one mine in the district in successful operation, but there were many good-looking prospects, enough to produce a high fever of expectancy in the camp. The mill was at Briggs because the water supply was there. That necessitated the outfit being divided into two camps, Briggs being the headquarters. The fuel for the mill and camp was wood. It was sixty miles to the nearest railroad point, too far to haul coal. The wood was packed in from the surrounding hills and gulches by Mexican burro trains. It required quite a crowd of Mexicans to do this work, as there was very little wood in

any one place, and it had to be packed from three to six miles.

Saturday afternoons there was little work done, and when the miners that were off duty, the ore haulers, the Mexican wood packers, and a goodly number of cowboys and prospectors all got to Briggs, where they invariably went Saturday afternoons, they made up a pretty lively bunch, especially if they got to drinking. They didn't all drink and they didn't all have to drink to make it pretty lively sometimes.

I had come from Denver to Briggs on mining business. I had been in camp several days when Saturday came around. I went out into the hills that morning to look at a prospect that one of the boys wanted to dispose of, and didn't get back till two o'clock. I ate some lunch and went to a Frenchman's store and saloon combined to get a smoke. I was sitting near the back end of the store smoking and talking with one of the boys, when he remarked that some of the Mexicans were getting pretty well tanked up. I told him I noticed it when I first came to camp. Just then two Mexicans came into the store. They were pretty well loaded. The bar was at the front, just by the door. The Mexicans stepped up and ordered whiskey. The Frenchman told them they couldn't have any more whiskey, and to get out.

I said to my friend, "Them greasers are going to find something other than whiskey if they aren't careful."

Just then one of them pulled a forty-five and said he would get some whiskey, and started to go behind

the bar. He only got to the end of the bar when bang went the Frenchman's forty-five and down went the greaser with a bullet hole between his eyes. The other greaser went out the door pronto and never was seen in that camp again. The bullet that killed the man passed just over our heads and went out through the end of the building. There we were, a dead man on our hands and the nearest officer of the law at Walnut Grove, sixteen miles away. That was Squire Jeff Davis, a justice of the peace.

Jeff was a character. He was then sixty-five years old. He had been in Arizona since he was fifteen, hustling for himself and fighting Indians and bad Mexicans. He had only one eye; lost the other by an Indian arrow. He was six feet three inches tall with his shoes off, the slimmest, homeliest human I ever saw outside of a circus sideshow. He couldn't write his name and made marks that he called his name,—no one could tell what it was. He had more natural wit and could say the funniest things and the most that I ever heard.

One of the cowboys went after Squire Jeff, and he was there before the Mexican got cold. The first thing Jeff did was to have a drink. Then he told the Frenchman to consider himself under arrest. Then he examined the dead Mexican and found a twenty dollar bill and sixty cents in silver in his pockets, a belt full of cartridges buckled around him and a forty-five six-shooter lying by him. Then he had the Frenchman get him a table and some paper. He set the table near the end of

the storeroom, sat down behind it and looked wise. Someone suggested that he have a jury. No, sir, he didn't want any jury. He said he didn't need a jury for common cases like this.

He called the Frenchman to the witness stand, and asked him several questions; called several witnesses (I was one of them) and asked each a few questions. He made some marks on a sheet of paper, folded it up very carefully and put it in his pocket. Then he looked very wise and said: "The court's deliberations establish the fact that the Frenchman and the corpse are both guilty. Therefore the court's verdict is that a fine of twenty dollars and sixty cents be imposed on the corpse for carrying dangerous weapons. The court also fines the Frenchman fifty dollars for not killing the other Mexican. They both pay cash."

Jeff forgot to mention the six-shooter and the belt, but he didn't forget to take them with him.

I suppose Jeff thought that Briggs was outside the jurisdiction of the county seat, sixty miles away. At least he never made any report or return to the county, and the matter was never taken up by the grand jury.

VI

WHAT WHIPPED WAGONER

When I first became acquainted with Teddy Roosevelt he was in the cattle business in Montana. This was years before he was Colonel Roosevelt. He was just "Teddy" and one of the boys, and the instant he grasped your hand in a handshake it went all over you that you were grasping the hand of a red-blooded man and a thoroughbred. You knew at once that you liked him and had thorough confidence in him. At least that is the way I felt.

The cattle company that I was manager for had bought six thousand head of cattle in Northern Idaho and Western Montana, and in order to get to our ranch and range, which was on Tongue River in Northern Wyoming, we had to swim the Yellowstone River. In getting to where we crossed the river we drove through Teddy's cattle range. One night while we were on his range a terrific thunderstorm came up. The thunder and lightning were beyond description, and caused our cattle to stampede. The next two or three days we gathered them all in except about five hundred head. They were so badly scattered over the range that we decided that the cheapest way to get them was to come

back the next spring and work through the summer and fall roundups.

Our camp was only a few miles from Teddy's ranch, and I went to see the owner, manager, or foreman, whoever might be in charge of the outfit, to try to make arrangements to work with them the next season. Had I suspected I was going to call on one of the greatest men the world has ever produced and a future president of the United States, I should probably have felt a little timid, realizing as I did that I was only a half-civilized Western cowman. But if I had had any such feeling it would have vanished like a June frost after meeting the owner of that ranch. I went to see him early in the morning, expecting to be there not more than an hour at the most, but I didn't leave the ranch until late in the afternoon. I didn't make any arrangement to work the next season with the outfit, but I was forced to accept a very cordial invitation to be the guest of the ranch, and promised to accept the assistance of the owner and all his men to gather my cattle and swim them across the Yellowstone. I went back to camp with a better opinion of myself and all the world, everybody and everything in it.

We got to the Yellowstone without further mishap; built a raft of dry logs and took our wagons and camp equipage across. The river was bank full, and the current carried the cattle and horses down stream so that we had to swim a third of a mile, and the water was cold. We swam the five thousand five hundred head of

cattle and one hundred and twenty-seven saddle horses and didn't lose one animal.

Many times the following winter and spring I thought of the pleasure it would give me to go back to the Roosevelt ranch and meet its owner, who in those days we called Mr. Roosevelt until he objected to it. Then it was plain "Teddy." Usually I would have sent a man to look after such work, but in this case I only thought of going myself. When the fifteenth of May rolled around I was at the Roosevelt ranch with my string of saddle horses and general outfit ready to go to work.

I shall never forget a little incident that took place the next morning after I arrived at the ranch. The boys were getting the saddle horses divided and everything in shape ready for the range. Each man has eight or ten horses, which is called his string, and you can bet your last dollar that no other man puts his rope or saddle on one of them during that work season. There was one extra good-looking horse that Teddy said if no one else claimed he would like to have in his string. One of the boys told him it was a man's job to ride that horse after he had run about on the range all winter. That was enough. In less time than it takes to write it, Teddy's rope was on that horse. He saddled him and got on. As soon as he hit the saddle he went over the horse's head like he had been shot out of a cannon. He hit the ground, and it was hard ground, ten feet in front of the horse, and his glasses went out in front of him at least

ten feet. He picked up his glasses and handed them to one of the boys as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened. He didn't speak a word, but got on the horse again and was thrown as quickly and as hard as he was the first time. He tried it twice more with the same result, and was ready to try it the fifth time. But the foreman interfered and told him he had the pluck all right but he hadn't had the experience with bucking horses to ride that horse. There were only two men on the ranch that cared to tackle the fellow until after he had been ridden a few days. Then he was gentle enough for any one to ride. Teddy knew the foreman was right, but he hated to give it up. The next morning he was sore and stiff, but not a word of complaint.

The first of August found us all at the ranch for a rest and cleanup and to get fresh horses. A man we will call Wagoner had a ranch fifteen miles from Teddy's ranch. Wagoner had the reputation of being a bad man and quite a six-shooter artist when things didn't just suit him. How much he was entitled to it I didn't know at that time, but I learned later. I also learned that he woke up the wrong passenger when he undertook to scare Teddy.

All cattle ranches had to put up enough hay to feed three or four saddle horses through the winter. The nearest vega where grass grew tall enough to mow was about half-way between Teddy's and Wagoner's ranches. Wagoner had been getting his hay at this place. Teddy's foreman decided there was plenty of grass for

both ranches, and it was much easier to get it there than where he had been getting it, so he sent some men out there to cut it.

The second morning after the men had gone out Teddy and I were sitting on a pile of lumber, talking, when one of Wagoner's men rode up and handed Teddy a note and rode away. Teddy read the note and handed it to me. It read: "If you don't stop your men from cutting grass on my vega at once and leave what they have cut, I will kill you on sight."

"What do you think of that?" asked Teddy.

I said, "That is pretty big talk but just how much nerve there is behind it I don't know."

He said, "I will find out. Will you go with me?"

I said, "Sure." Wagoner had notified the boys the first day they got to the vega not to cut any grass as it was his. The boys knew it was government land and paid no attention to him. I suppose that irritated the gentleman, and he decided that if he couldn't scare the boys it would be an easy matter to scare their boss, as he hadn't been in the West long enough to be considered an old timer, and on receipt of his note Mr. Roosevelt would put a man on his fastest horse and send him to stop the men.

But Teddy didn't seem to look at it that way at all. During the fifteen mile ride to Wagoner's ranch, Wagoner or the note, or what might be said or done when we got there, was not mentioned. Wagoner's house was a long building with a porch running full

length—a bachelor's camp. We rode up to the edge of the porch and asked the same young man who brought the note if Mr. Wagoner was at home. Just then the door opened and Wagoner stood in the doorway facing us, and not more than eighteen feet distant. Instantly his eyes looked as though they would pop out of his head. His jaw dropped until his mouth stood half open and his face was an ashen color.

As soon as he could get breath enough he stammered out: "Di-di-did you get the note I sent you this morning?"

"Yes," said Teddy.

"Well, wha-wha-what in hell are you doing here?"

"I just came to be at the killing," said Teddy.

Wagoner was the worst whipped man I ever saw. He stood there as though he didn't know what to do or what to say. Finally he said, "What are you going to do about that grass?"

"Cut what we need," said Teddy.

Wagoner said, "Mr. Roosevelt, I expect there is grass enough to make hay for both ranches if it's cut carefully."

"That's what Bullard, my foreman, thought," said Teddy, who sat there with his forty-five full cocked laid across his saddle seat in front of him, his thumb over the hammer and his finger on the trigger. He was to all appearances about as nervous and excited as a statue of George Washington. Wagoner backed into the house

and closed the door. Teddy looked at me and said, "He didn't ask us to come in and have a seat."

We rode away without any fear of Wagoner taking a shot at our backs. I knew, and I think Teddy felt the same as I did, that Wagoner didn't have nerve enough left to point a gun in our direction, to say nothing of pulling the trigger.

We rode back to the ranch as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened. The first time Teddy met Wagoner after our visit he treated him as though there had never been any trouble between them.

We worked together the balance of the summer and fall until snow flew. Part of the next summer I helped A. O. Brodie and Bucky O'Neil to recruit and get up the rough riders and consequently I saw a great deal of Teddy before he got off to the Spanish-American War.

I saw him several times in Washington and I went to see him at Greensboro, N. C., when he spoke there during his campaign on the Progressive ticket. We talked of almost everything that had happened during our time together in camp and on the cattle range except the Wagoner incident. That was never mentioned or alluded to by either of us.

VII

THE SIXTEENTH CORPS

It was in the early spring of 1865 that we were camped eight miles below New Orleans near the famous battle ground where General Jackson gained such a victory over the British. Mud, black and nasty mud that would mire a saddle blanket or a duck with shingles nailed on his feet, and snakes, lizards, scorpions, tarantulas and insects of every description crawled over us day and night. We didn't have to stay in the mud and reptiles long. We got orders to march out the shell road six miles to Lake Ponchatrain, to embark on a vessel to cross the lake to the mouth of Dog River on our way to the rear of Spanish Fort near the head of Mobile Bay.

There was a canal alongside the shell road from New Orleans to the lake. While we were standing in line by the side of the canal waiting to march on board the vessel, a woman of the underworld, drunk, staggered up to a sergeant standing near the bank of the canal, threw her arms around him, saying, "I am your ducky darling, ain't I?" The sergeant giving her a shove, replied, "If you are a ducky I guess you can swim," and into the canal she went, and she swam; at least she got out and climbed up the bank looking like she had been baptized.

We got on board the vessel, two thousand five hun-

dred of us. We didn't have room to sit down or lie down all at one time. That night we got into the worst storm ever known on the lake, so the captain said. The wind and rain were something fierce. In trying to find shelter from the storm the boys crowded too many to one side of the vessel. The captain came around yelling and cursing, saying, "You blank fools, get back to the other side before you sink the boat."

One of the boys says, "Captain, do you know what we would do if she starts to sink?"

The captain yelled, "No, what could you do?"

"Just let her sink," said the soldier.

The storm tore nearly all the rigging off the vessel but we didn't sink. We landed all right and fought our way over nearly every mile of the ground to the rear of Spanish Fort, where we joined the main army and took our position in line of battle to begin the siege of Spanish Fort.

The siege lasted thirteen days, and during that time I was on a twenty-four hour detail on sentry duty at General Smith's headquarters. The thirteenth corps lay to our left and was commanded by General Canby, who was the senior Major General, and consequently commanded both corps.

Just after sunrise General Canby, and a body guard, a staff officer and twelve men, dashed up in front of General Smith's tent, riding like the woods were on fire, and asked the sentry in front of the tent if General Smith was in. The sentry said he was. Just then General

Smith stepped out of the tent, pulling his suspenders over his shoulders. Before General Smith could say a word, Canby said in a very angry tone, "General Smith, I wish you would have a little discipline over your men."

General Smith said, "What's wrong, General? Have my men been causing any trouble?"

"Yes," said General Canby.

"What have my men done?" said General Smith.

"Only day before yesterday," said General Canby, "my steward went out into the country and bought thirteen nice young turkeys for my private mess, and your men have been to my headquarters and stolen them."

"What, my men stolen your turkeys, General?"

"Yes, your men have stolen my turkeys."

"Did they take them all, General?"

"No, they left barely one, the smallest one."

"It wasn't my men stole your turkeys, General Canby. I know it wasn't."

"How can you say you know it wasn't your men?"

"Because if it had been the sixteenth corps they wouldn't have left you a feather, not a damned feather, sir," and General Smith turned and walked into his tent.

We charged and captured Spanish Fort in the night and started for Fort Blakeley the next morning. It surrendered to General Granger's men before we got there. Then we started on the march to Montgomery, the capital of the state.

After marching about one hundred miles, nearly all the way through a very heavy growth of pine timber with no undergrowth except grass, rattle-snakes, forty kinds of lizards and thousands of small edible terrapin —and they are good—we reached the Alabama River at Selma, about sixty-four miles from Montgomery. We lay there two or three days.

The thirteenth corps had been paid off recently. Our corps hadn't been paid off for a long time and we were all broke. The colonel said the boys that wanted to pay their own fares on a steamboat could ride to Montgomery. My bunky and I were dead broke, but we thought if the war was ended it was about time our marching was ended. The weather was fearfully hot, and what to do to get some money we didn't know.

We were walking toward town when we saw a crowd of soldiers acting excited and, of course, we went to see what was the cause of the excitement. We found a six mule team with a negro driver, a big plantation wagon with a sway-backed body that would hold nearly half a carload of anything. The wagon body was two-thirds full of the finest watermelons I ever saw. The smallest weighed from twenty-five to thirty-five pounds, the next size from thirty-five to forty-five pounds, and the largest from fifty to sixty-five pounds, and they were marked from one to three dollars each. The thirteenth corps men were buying those melons as fast as the old man could hand them out and stuff the greenbacks into a bag hung round his neck that served as his pockets,

and they sure kept him bouncing like a hen with her head chopped off.

I didn't look on but a few minutes when an idea crept into my head. My bunky was the ablest man physically in our regiment. I said to him, "George, you elbow your way through that crowd to the front wheel of the wagon and I will have hold of your coat tail when you get there." We got there and I climbed on to the front wheel. I picked up a dollar melon and held it on the top edge of the wagon body until the old gentleman got close enough to me so I could grab him by the leg of his big loose cotton breeches, and gave him a jerk and said, "Say, mister, how long have I got to wait for my change?"

"Oh, yes sir; what was it you gave me?"

"A ten dollar bill," said I, and turned my head so the old man couldn't see me blush. He counted me out nine dollars. I handed the melon down to George and we got out of that crowd the same way we got in, plus one good watermelon and the necessary wherewithal to ride on a steamboat to Montgomery. We didn't consider we had done anything dishonest. We had been taught for over three years that everything was fair in love and war, and this was a case of both; first, love for that good watermelon; second, war on being dead broke and having to march instead of riding on a steamboat. I forgot to lie awake that night to see if George's conscience kept him awake or not. We didn't forget to ride to Montgomery.

When the regiment got to Montgomery we went into camp four miles east of town where we stayed for a month. We had learned as we were leaving Fort Blakely that Richmond and Petersburg had been evacuated, and before reaching Selma we received official news of the surrender of Lee's army and the end of the war. We were all delighted, but the end of the war and all our delight didn't destroy our appetites.

About a mile from our camp was a big plantation. George and I soon discovered a fine lot of chickens that roosted in a big log hen-house, with a hole cut about five feet from the ground, just large enough so the largest chickens could pass through easily with a chicken ladder from the ground up to the hole or window. There was a door but it was barred and locked so that in the estimation of the owner there was no possibility of a Yankee soldier getting a chicken out of that hen house, and it sure looked that way.

George and I noticed that these chickens were well fed and looked healthy, and should be mighty good eating if properly cooked. We were both expert cooks—we had boiled coffee water every day since we had been in the army and had never burned any of it.

We held many a conference to decide on ways and means of getting one or more of those chickens. We finally decided to consult an old darky who cooked for the officers' mess. He said if we would give him "des one chicken" he would tell us how to get them. We agreed.

After receiving our instructions we hunted around until we found a thin strip of board eight or ten feet long and an old boot-leg. We put one end of the strip in at the chicken window and slid it along easily on the roost pole until it touched a chicken's foot. The chicken raises her foot and sets it down on the end of the strip; we push it against the other foot and she would raise it and set it down. Then we would gently draw the strip with Miss Hen riding on the end of it. When she got to the window we held one end of the boot-leg up to the chicken's head, lighted an old-fashioned blue-headed sulphur match and held it up in the other end of boot-leg, about two whiffs and Miss Hen tumbled into a sack, without a squawk or flop of a wing, and we went to camp, after we gave the old darky his chicken.

We only took one each night for ten or twelve nights, when one night we found a shutter over the window fastened with a piece of log chain and a big padlock, so the price of stock in the chicken exchange dropped very suddenly.

We had noticed a very fine cow that was milked every evening, tied in a big log stable, milked again in the morning, and put in a pasture for the day. We decided that if we couldn't have chicken that a little fresh milk would be good for our general health. We knew we were going home before long and we wanted to go home looking well on account of the girls that were waiting to see us. We also wanted our home folks to think we had been having just one round after another

of picnic entertainments while in the army, so we decided that it would save the people of the plantation a lot of trouble if we would slip out every morning before daylight and milk that cow.

If there ever were two boys that wore the blue that were always on the lookout to do things for other people that might save them any trouble or work, such as cooking chickens, milking cows, digging sweet potatoes, robbing beehives or anything else that might be hard disagreeable work, they were George and I.

That stable was farther from the dwelling house than the chicken house was, and it looked like a safe and easy proposition. There had been six feet of one of the logs cut out at the back of the stable to make a hole through which the stable could be cleaned out. We were both good milkers,—learned it in our boyhood on an Illinois farm where people had cows to milk. We took turns crawling through the hole, and milking in our coffee pot. We handed it out and the one on the outside poured the milk in our canteens until they were full, then milked the coffee pot full and went to camp with one gallon and a half of milk. The fellow on the outside kept watch that no one slipped up on us.

The milk business was in a flourishing condition for about a week, when it went bankrupt as suddenly as the chicken business did, but not exactly in the same way.

One morning we went to milk as usual. It was George's turn to go in. He went in all right but I had to help him out. I heard a scuffling noise and George yelled

out, "So-a, what's the matter with you? Are you gone crazy?" And thrash came George up against the side of the log stable, hard enough to jar the nails out of the roof boards. Then he began to grunt and get his breath a little hard. I asked him if he was hurt and how it happened.

As soon as he got breath enough he said, "Somebody has put a damned old mule in here where the cow was; he tried to kick me but I was so close to him that he just picked me up gently on his hind legs and slammed me against the side of the stable so hard that I am afraid to open my mouth wide for fear my teeth all fall out. I don't know if my eyeballs are still in my head and my shoe heels are on or not."

I got in there as quick as I could and helped George out. I struck a match and there stood the meanest looking mouse-colored mule I ever saw, where the cow had been. What ever went with that cow we never knew.

We were ordered to Union Springs, Alabama, in a few days where we stayed until we started home. Some funny things happened at Union Springs, but I won't mention them. This story is long enough as it is.

VIII

THE JAMES BOYS

I WENT at the request of a neighbor as trail man to help him deliver thirty-six hundred head of cattle he had sold. When I got to his camp, I met the Thompson brothers. I thought I had never met two politer, pleasanter men. They received the cattle without a word of dispute as to ages or conditions. They paid for them with ready cash; they had it with them.

They drove the cattle into extreme southwestern New Mexico, an entirely unoccupied territory. They were there for about a year and a half unmolested when the Mexican ladrones made a raid across the Rio Grande and drove off a bunch of beef steers. The Thompsons' cowboys discovered the trail while it was still fresh, and the two Thompsons and their five cowboys followed it across the Rio Grande. The ladrones were regular cattle thieves who made a business of stealing cattle on both sides of the river and driving them to the mining camp in the Sierra Madras in the interior of Mexico and selling them for beef. After crossing back into Mexico, the ladrones picked up some Mexican cattle and were driving them along. The Thompson crowd overtook them before they got far from the river and they put up a fight. There were ten of the ladrones and

seven of the Thompson crowd and they were all gun artists. They killed three of the Mexicans and the balance made a good getaway.

The Thompsons took all the cattle and started back for the Rio Grande. They had to camp one night before crossing the river, and they stopped at a ranch where they could get a corral for the cattle. The Mexicans happened to be having a dance that night, and the gringoes were asked to join in the dance. Mescal was plentiful. The Thompsons didn't drink at all but some of their men did. It wasn't long until some of the crowd were pretty well tanked up and when a man gets himself outside of enough mescal, he is ready to fight his grandmother's shadow or get up at two o'clock in the morning to pick his own pockets. Some of the gringoes paid too much attention to some of the señoritas, and the girls seemed to enjoy it too much to suit the greasers, until one of the greasers called down a gringo with a six-shooter. There were plenty ready to join in on both sides, so it soon became quite a pistol battle. The Mexicans got the worst of it. They stirred up trouble with the wrong bunch of Americans. There were two Mexicans dead and four badly wounded and only two Americans slightly wounded.

The Thompsons got out and drove to the Rio Grande as fast as they could make those cattle travel. They crossed the river without stopping to cut out the Mexican cattle and leave them behind. The Mexicans' cowboys soon discovered the trail crossing the river into

the United States. The Thompsons did not mean to steal the Mexican cattle; they were in a hurry to get out of Mexico.

When the Mexican owners learned that some of their cattle had been driven into the United States by Americans and in so doing they had killed several citizens of Mexico and wounded several others, they took the matter up with our government without going to the trouble to learn the facts of the case, and charged the Thompsons with stealing cattle and killing Mexicans. Our government sent a deputy United States marshal to investigate. This marshal was born and raised in Independence, Missouri, and when he got to the Thompson brothers' ranch he found two of his old school fellows, Frank and Jesse James. They were the Thompson brothers. Frank and Jesse didn't do a thing that night but saddle up their two best horses and light out for parts unknown to the authorities. On investigation it was found that the Mexicans were at fault, and the matter was dropped. The James boys left everything in charge of their foreman and the public heard no more of them for over a year.

In the meantime the big silver boom at Leadville was at its highest, and I had gone there. One day after dinner I started for South Park to look after some freight teams I had on the road. I had to go south four miles to Malta, a stage station on the Arkansas River. There the road turned east down the river and crossed the Weston range out into South Park. This was the

only stage road into Leadville and there were seventy-five to eighty six-horse concord stages each way every day, and oftentimes twenty-five or thirty of them would be traveling one right behind another. I got about half way to Malta when I saw two men coming to meet me. I said to myself, "If those aren't the Thompson brothers, I am badly fooled."

I was doing some fast thinking about them as to what they were up to, and what it was best for me to do. I knew then all about who the Thompson brothers were. I was sure they were up to some mischief and didn't want to be recognized by me or anyone else. I knew I didn't want to be recognized by them as I had no time to spend with the James boys. I expected to meet my teams that evening and ride back into Leadville early the next morning. So I made up my mind to do some acting and pretend I didn't know them and perhaps they wouldn't know me, as I was dressed as a cattle man when they saw me at the Chisholm's camp and now I was dressed as a miner. So I assumed the most innocent look I was capable of. When we met they said, "How do you do, sir?"

I said, "How are you, gentlemen?"

They asked me if I was in business in the camp. I said I was. They said they wanted to go into some business, not mining, as they didn't know anything about mining. They said they thought almost any business would pay where there was so much money in circulation as they had been told was in Leadville. While we

were talking several stages passed, all heavily loaded with passengers, as all stages were, going in. They gave each other looks as the stages went by that made me suspicious that they might be figuring on the stages. They also gave each other looks that told me they knew me and thought I didn't know them. We talked about ten minutes and each went our way.

I expected to meet my wagons at the east foot of Weston range. I found them a day's drive beyond that place. The next morning as we were about ready to pull out of camp, the first stage passed coming out from Leadville. A man threw us a paper. Every one on the stage was yelling, "The James boys robbed twenty-four stages yesterday, half way between Leadville and Malta!" There is where Jesse said, "Keep your purse, lady, we are the James boys, we don't rob ladies." They didn't touch the mail and took no gold or silver, and had all the money they could carry.

I rode back to Leadville that morning and was shown where they robbed the stages. It was about a hundred and fifty yards south of where I met them, at a place where there were big rocks on each side of the road,—no chance for a team to drive out and pass another. Frank took care of the driver of the first stage. That stopped and held all the balance until Jesse finished the job. They went from there to their camp in the Monte Cristo mountains, sixteen miles south of Malta, where they had several men and extra horses. Where they went from there the Lord only knows. All manner

of deputy officers and posses scoured the surrounding mountains for days and found no trace of them except the location of their camp.

The public heard no more of the James boys until Bob Ford killed Jesse and Frank surrendered under an agreement with the governor of Missouri, a year or more after Bob Ford was killed.

I was in Trinidad, Colorado, when I met Jim Redd, a cattle man whose home was in Independence, Missouri. He said he had a friend who was starting a horse ranch in the Ozark Mountains in southwest Missouri, and he wanted three hundred head of two-year-old draft fillies. "I am going home," he said, "and if you will come I am sure you can sell them to him."

I went. We got to Independence at night. The next morning Redd came to my hotel and told me his friend was out of town, would be home that evening late. We were walking up the main business street when Redd asked me if I knew that man sitting on that box, some distance from us. I said, "No." Just then the man got up. I said, "That is Frank James." He stepped in a cigar store and got a cigar, came out and sat down on the same box. Redd said, "Don't say anything, and see if he will recognize you." When we got about fifteen feet from him he threw up his head and looked at us, saying, "Hello, Lord, where did you come from? Do you know where I saw you last?"

I said, "I know where I saw you first and last."

He laughed and said, "Young man, you missed your

calling; you should be on the stage. You are the best actor I ever saw. You are the only living man who completely fooled the James boys," and such a handshake I never had before or since.

We spent the day and night together until two o'clock next morning. He told me they didn't follow the business they did because they liked it, that they detested it. When the Civil War closed, on account of their being in Quantril's raid on Lawrence, Kansas, the United States government put a price on their heads, and to come in and surrender was simply sticking their heads into a halter, and they weren't built that way. So they made up their minds to play a game of sell out, and were obliged to do all this robbing to get money to hire people to hide them and lie for them. That was why the officers could never catch them.

I sold Redd's friend seventeen carloads of mares and went home.

IX

THE LEADVILLE BOOM

I got into Leadville, Colorado, May 20, 1879, and found six thousand men in the camp and not one woman.

It was very early for that altitude, ten thousand two hundred feet above sea level, and some job to get in. I had to drive over half a mile through a snow tunnel in crossing the Weston Pass over the Weston range, though the snow was mostly off the ground except on the higher ridges and hills. Men were coming into the camp about as fast as they could get in over the one wagon road. July first there were forty-five thousand people in the camp, all men, and only one hundred and fifty women and children, and not a negro, Chinaman or Jap, but all grades of Americans, and about as many hard-boiled specimens and as hard-boiled as were ever accumulated on the same amount of territory before or since.

The things that actually took place there are unbelievable. I took in one hundred and fifty head of cattle and sold them from sixty to one hundred dollars per head; they were worth where I brought them from an average of twenty dollars per head. I sold them almost as fast as I could count them out and take in

the money. I rushed back to the plains, sixty miles north of Denver, and gathered up a lot of work horses I had there and burned holes in the earth getting them into Leadville and got them to work as soon as possible.

Talk about money. People didn't seem to know what to do with their money or how to get rid of it fast enough. There never was nor never will be another crowd as crazy as that rush of people to Leadville. They came on foot, on horseback, on wagons and on stage coaches. From thirty to thirty-five six-horse Concord stages each way, every day, and all coming in were loaded to the last man that could hang on. The travel going out was light, only men going back and forth on business. All baggage and express was brought in on wagons. The stages hauled nothing but passengers and mail. The road was so crowded that at times it was almost impossible to get over it. It was the same day and night. It was day all day and there was no night in Leadville.

I know you won't believe it but it is true. I went out of town for five days and where the timber stood thick as I went out, when I came back it was all built up solid. On both sides of a street that was full of stumps for a quarter of a mile there were stores selling goods, restaurants, boarding houses, offices and all kinds of businesses running full blast, and not in tents, but in houses. The entire country was covered with fine timber. The woods were full of saw mills cutting lumber, men as thick as fiddlers in Purgatory cutting

house logs and teams hauling the lumber and logs as fast as cut.

I put my teams at contract work, furnishing mine timbers, except for a few teams of light cow ponies. I put them at job work. I gave a driver half after all expense was paid except the driver's board. And teams, horses, wagon and harness that weren't worth more than one hundred and eighty dollars, netted me as my share an average of twenty-one dollars per day. I had twenty-eight teams hauling timbers for different mines that netted me twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents per day per team. I never paid less than sixty dollars per ton for hay, and as high as three hundred. I never paid less than one hundred and sixty dollars per ton for oats and as high as two hundred and twenty dollars per ton. It cost seven dollars and fifty cents per day to run a timber team. I had one team hauling timbers to a tunnel that netted seventy-three dollars per day for five months.

I am not writing these things to let the reader know that I was making money, but to give you an idea of Leadville about this time. The tough element got so numerous and bold that they decided to run the town for their own benefit. In fact, they made it their business at the first election after the town was organized and chartered to manipulate the election absolutely. Then all appointive offices were filled by the men they wanted. That meant that the city was controlled by the saloons, dance halls, gambling houses, dead falls,

hold-ups and hell dives, and no respectable, law-abiding citizen could get a law breaker arrested, no matter what the complaint. But if a citizen undertook to defend himself against a crook he was arrested quick and fined to the limit of what he could pay.

Things were run high handed. One of the leaders of the toughs was a fellow by the name of Frodsham. He was the brainiest, most reckless and fearless man of the toughs. He was interested in all manner of cussedness but his principal business was jumping mines, mining claims and town lots. He would go, or have some of his gang go, to a mine that was just beginning to produce ore or a desirably located mining claim or desirable town lot that some one was starting to build on, and put up a legally drawn notice location that antedated the location of the rightful owner. The whole country was government land and could only be gotten first by preëmption according to the United States laws. Then Frodsham would go to the owners of the property after a day or two and in very choice language—for he was an educated man—tell the owner there must be some mistake as he was working on his, Frodsham's, property. He was a hair trigger gun man and always ready, and if a property owner got mad and showed fight Frodsham always got the drop. He always kept in a perfect humor and was ready and very willing to show his location of prior date, and could always prove his case by plenty of witnesses who had seen the location notice put on the ground on the date

written thereon. He would very politely inform the owner that if he didn't vacate he would be obliged to put him off by force, and he seldom failed to do it, as he had all the men he needed armed with Winchester rifles and forty-five six-shooters.

One time I remember he failed. He laid claim to the Buckeye Bell Mine, a new mine, but a big producer, working a big force of men. I had a big contract with them for timbers as their ground required an immense amount. The timber yard was on the slope of the hill above the shaft house and below the shaft house was the waste dump, then level ground for a quarter of a mile into town. The ground between the mine and town was covered with stumps, some trees and some big rocks.

Frodsham always waited a few days after putting a notice on a property to see if the owners wouldn't come to see him about it. When the Buckeye Bell people found his notice, instead of going to see him they leveled off the top of the waste dump and built a block-house out of mine timbers, logs from eight to eighteen inches in diameter and built another on the timber yard above the mine. They enrolled enough of the miners to form a night and day shift to man both blockhouses and keep a sentry out all the time to see that Frodsham didn't take them by surprise. They felt sure he would attack the mine.

One afternoon I had twenty-seven teams, one right behind another, pull around above the mine to unload. Just then the sentry gave the alarm that Frodsham's

gang was coming. We could unload three teams at a time. The timber was fire-killed mountain white pine, as dry and hard as a buck's horn, and we hauled big loads. I got off my saddle horse and climbed on to the lead wagon to help unload. We chained our loads on, and when the driver united the binding pole I stooped down to unhook the chain, when Frodsham's gang turned loose fifty or sixty Winchester rifles on the block-house and on the waste dump. The block-house was directly between us and the gang, who had got behind stumps, trees and rocks, about one hundred and fifty yards from the mine. The bullets began to get rather familiar; one struck the binding chain between my hands, one struck the heel of the teamster's boot, one went through a tug of the harness between the horse and the singletree, and several went into the timbers on the wagon. They flew around the wagon behind us and wounded one horse slightly.

I jumped off the wagon and ran down the hill and got both parties to stop firing until I could get my teams out of the way, and you can bet I got them out of there as quick as the Lord and other circumstances would let. They kept up the fight until after midnight. Several of Frodsham's gang were killed and several wounded, but they never got the Buckeye Bell. A few of the miners were wounded. Frodsham lost several men in getting to where he first opened fire on the block-house. Then late in the evening they tried to

take the mine by storm. That is where they lost most of their men.

Fordsham had no more right to that mine than I had, but that was Leadville.

The next afternoon a young blacksmith and I were walking down Chestnut Street, one of the busiest streets in the city. He had just drawn five hundred dollars from the bank to pay off his men. He and his father ran a large day and night shop. When we were a block and a half from the blacksmith shop I stepped into a harness shop to pay a bill. The blacksmith didn't go more than one hundred feet from where I left him when somebody jumped out of a narrow passageway between two buildings and knocked him out, dragged him ten or twelve feet from the sidewalk, took the five hundred dollars, a watch and chain he had just paid one hundred and fifty dollars for, and was gone. It was less than ten minutes from the time I stepped into the harness shop until I saw the blacksmith lying between the two buildings senseless and robbed in broad daylight. That was Leadville.

Every morning from one to three or four dead men were picked up back of the dance halls and saloons, men knocked in the head or drugged for their money. No one was ever arrested or any effort ever made to find the guilty parties. Miners going back and forth to work were held up and robbed day and night, not one or two but dozens of them. It grew from bad to worse until the leading business men decided that the only

salvation for decent people was to organize a vigilance committee.

But the city authorities got wind of the move and decided they had better do something. A day or two before the vigilantes were ready to act, Frodsham went to where an old man was building a house on a lot he had located and ordered him off. The old man refused to go, and Frodsham and his men began tearing the house down. The old man put up a fight and Frodsham shot him down in the presence of his wife and two daughters. To the surprise of every one, the police arrested him and the two men that were with him and put them in jail—the first tough that had been arrested and put in jail. There had never been but a few men in the jail and they were always the wrong ones.

It was Saturday morning that Frodsham shot the old man. The barber shops kept open until midnight Saturday nights. A barber who ran a shop with twenty-one chairs was going home about one o'clock. His cabin was next door to mine and when he was a half a block from home two hold-ups jumped on to him. He shot and creased one of them through the side of the neck, but they beat him nearly to death and robbed him of over four hundred dollars. The shot and the row in general woke the three of us in my cabin. I got out in time to see the hold-ups going out of sight. We woke up the barber's folks and got him home and got a doctor and that doctor had to get another to help him. They had a hard time to pull him through.

But the strangest part of the whole matter was that the two hold-ups were arrested and put in jail and the barber's money was returned.

Another thing that was causing the city officials and police force to sit up and take notice was that it had been voted to move the county seat from Fairplay to Leadville. The sheriff had a state-wide reputation as a sure thing man with a forty-five six-shooter or a Winchester, and he didn't believe in wasting county time or ammunition shooting over the heads of toughs or anyone who tried to protect them. His deputies were all men of his own selection and had to come up to his ideas of what a deputy sheriff should be.

No one knew better than the city officials how all law and justice had been disregarded and how the city affairs had been handled during their administration. They feared that if the sheriff and his force were right there in the city, the people might appeal to the county authorities for protection and if they did there would be a mix-up that would certainly prove very unhealthy to somebody. They had waited too long. The dynamite was planted and the fuse lighted that was to blow their reign of terror out of existence.

The day after Frodsham was put in jail and the barber was shot was Sunday. But in Leadville there was no Sunday, and that night the vigilantes terrified every tough in Leadville by hanging Frodsham, his two men and the two hold-ups that shot and robbed the barber, to the frame-work of a kitchen that was being built on

to the jail, and on the back of each of them was a big, white card which read in big, plain letters WE ARE THE LAW—WE ARE SEVEN THOUSAND STRONG AND WE MEAN BUSINESS. Signed, VIGILANCE COMMITTEE. On the breast of each was a similar card which read THIS IS A WARNING TO ALL MURDERERS, HOLD-UPS, THIEVES, MINE AND LOT JUMPERS AND TOUGHS IN GENERAL. DON'T IGNORE THE WARNING.

Monday morning, earlier than usual, there came out in a very large size daily paper, in small type, a whole page of names, and at the bottom was printed, "These and a great many others, well known to us, have twenty-four hours to get out of the Leadville mining district. Don't fail to go. Signed, Vigilance Committee." And they went.

Thirteen hundred and sixty went out over Weston Pass before twelve o'clock, and several hundred went out over Moquito Pass. The list of names included every city official from mayor down, police judge, chief of police, every alderman and every policeman; and of all the nice, quiet towns that was ever heard of Leadville was the quietest. There didn't anybody know who was who; no one could go more than two blocks after nine o'clock at night without being stopped by a vigilante and asked to show his card. If you had a card all right, go on. If you had no card or other satisfactory means of identification, you had to go to headquarters and were held there until you could be identified. A man could lay a twenty dollar bill on the sidewalk of the

busiest street in the city and it lay there nearly all day and no one offered to pick it up.

There was a big, red-headed, red-faced, American-raised Scotchman named Red McDonald who ran one of the biggest and worst dives in the camp, called the Red Light Saloon, Dance Hall and Gambling House, —one of the "If we can't win your money with our sure thing games, we will knock you in the head, take your money and throw you out in the back alley" kind. More dead and insensible men had been picked up back of Red McDonald's place than any two other such places in town. His name, his two bar-tenders' names, and his floor manager's name were in the published list. Red made his boasts that damned if they could bluff him, he had heard dogs bark before now and didn't get scared. But it would have been better for him if he had got scared a little. The Red Light ran on as usual. Red began to crow about how he had called the bluff, saying, "I told you so."

Wednesday evening, a little after dark, I met Gus Irons, a particular friend of mine. We met on Harrison Avenue. Gus said, "Let's walk down Pine Street."

I said, "All right, something is liable to happen on Pine Street."

We walked past the Red Light saloon on the opposite side of the street and went on down three or four blocks, turned and walked back, and when directly in front of the Red Light, Gus grabbed me by the arm saying, "There they are."

Like ourselves, there was quite a crowd sauntering up and down Pine Street, mostly those that were wise.

What Gus called my attention to was about seventy-five men marching double file and when they got directly in front of the Red Light saloon they halted, right-faced, facing the saloon, and six men stepped out of the center of the file and marched into the Red Light. In not more than two minutes' time they marched out with Red McDonald, his two bar-tenders and the floor manager, all bare-headed, and in their shirt sleeves, except the floor manager; he had on a dress suit. They marched south toward the end of Pine Street. There was not a shot fired or a word spoken that I heard. The next morning they were all four hanging from the limbs of a big yellow pine tree just at the edge of the town. On their backs were cards that read, "We Are the Law. We Are Seven Thousand Strong and We Mean Business. Vigilance Committee." On their breasts there were cards reading, "He Committed Suicide."

There was a fellow in town who was in the habit of getting drunk and amusing himself by beating his wife and a sister of hers who lived with them. He received a written notice telling him not to beat his wife and her sister any more; if he did it would be the last time, signed, "Vigilance Committee." That made him furious. He got drunk and said he wasn't afraid of no damned Vigilance Committee; he would show them that he could do as he pleased in his own house and with his own

family. He went home, knocked his wife down and kicked her for falling. When the sister tried to stop him he knocked her down, the back of her head striking a stove leg and nearly killing her.

The next morning I went to the cabin of the superintendent of the Evening Star Mine to go with him to the mine to measure and count up a lot of timbers. On our way we had to pass the cabin of the wife-beater. It was quite early in the morning and when we got in sight of the cabin we saw him hanging from the limb of a pine tree that stood near the corner of the cabin, and on his back was a card which read, "A Warning to Wife Beaters" Signed, "Vigilance Committee." On his breast was a card which read, "We Gave Him a Chance to Live But He Committed Suicide."

As soon as the wife and her sister were able to travel, all their bills were paid and they were given five hundred dollars each in cash and a first-class ticket to the home of their people in the east. That was Leadville.

Long before this time the sheriff and his deputies had moved in and opened up their office and gone into business. When everything seemed in smooth running order the Vigilance Committee disbanded. A city election had been held and an entirely new board of officials elected and a new police force appointed. That was in the early fall of 1879 and Leadville and the surrounding country have been as peaceable and law-abiding from that day to this as any place in the United States.

X

CUTTING TIES IN COLORADO

I HAD made the acquaintance of Poole, a big West Virginian. He stood six feet three inches with his boots off, and was one of the best natured and best fellows in the world. You could step on his corns, kick his shins, spit in his face and rub any kind of perfume on him and rub it in, but if you went to knocking him around because he smelled of the perfume you might get hurt.

He was twenty-seven years old and weighed two hundred and twenty pounds with not an ounce of fat. When it came to good, clean bone and muscle, Poole had it, and he was the best timber man I ever saw.

A railroad was being built in a certain section of the state and one of the first contractors, a Mr. Huff, wanted a lot of ties made. Poole and I took a contract to make ten thousand, at eighty cents each, and float them out of the mountains to where they could be loaded on to wagons. The timber was all in the mountains, and when you got out of the mountains you were on the great American desert or plains that reach from the eastern foot of the Rocky Mountains to the Missouri River, 550 miles, and north and south from the North Pole to the equator.

Poole and I went to the mountains August first. We located on the north fork of the Saint Vrain River. The country was virgin. There had never been an axe struck into a piece of timber and game was in abundance—elk, two kinds of deer, black and white-tail mountain sheep, cinnamon and black bear, and plenty of small game. Every stream, no matter how small, was simply alive with mountain trout. It was a paradise for two such chaps as we. We found an abundance of the finest tie timber on the narrow, low, rich bottoms along the creek. The trees stood as thick on the ground as there was room for them to grow, very tall and straight. We didn't make any split ties and we never cut a tree that didn't make five ties eight feet long. Some trees made eight, hewed on both sides to a seven inch face and not under eight or over ten inches thick. We didn't make a tie over seventy-five yards from the creek bank.

We had our ties all made by Christmas. I was an axe man as well as Poole. I did the felling and scoring and Poole did the hewing. We made ties just like we were running the tree through a tie machine. We couldn't float our ties until the first of May, so we had ample time to hunt, fish, and prospect.

About the first of December it commenced snowing and snowed until it was eighteen inches deep on the level and much deeper higher up on the main range. The snow drove the deer down to the lower country. After dinner one day, while it was still snowing a little, we went out about half a mile from camp and I stood

by the side of one big pine tree and shot forty-seven big, fat deer. Poole skinned out the front quarters and threw them away and hung the hindmost quarters up on trees with the hide still on, and then threw the front part of the hide up between the hindmost legs to prevent the magpies from eating the meat. I could have killed three or four times as many if we could have taken care of them. I expect we saw three or four thousand deer that afternoon. The country was almost level at this place, with scattered large pine trees with no undergrowth. One could see a long distance. There were not less than twenty trails broken through the snow running parallel to each other in a distance of two hundred and fifty yards. The deer were traveling in bands of eight or ten to fifty or sixty to the band on each trail, the bands not far apart, one behind the other. Poole could drag a deer twelve or fifteen feet from the trail and dress it while the bands would walk by and pay no attention to him. I shot one very large buck before he got quite opposite to Poole and didn't kill him quite dead. He staggered out of the trail and almost fell on Poole where he stooped over skinning a deer. Poole said he didn't mind me shooting deer faster than he could skin them, but, by gosh, he didn't like for me to pile them up on top of him.

We sold our deer to a man who was buying game to ship East. We had to pack them fifteen miles to where he could put them on a wagon and haul them forty-five miles to the railroad. We got two dollars and fifty cents

for the hind quarters with the hide on. We had twelve good ponies. Their time wasn't worth anything. It took us two days to pack the deer out and half a day to shoot them—one hundred and seventeen dollars and fifty cents for two and a half days' work.

About the first of April I went out to look for the ponies, just to see that they were all right and to salt them. I took my rifle and only one cartridge—the one in the gun. It was just time for the bears to be coming out after their winter snooze. When I got about a mile and a half from camp I saw a big cinnamon bear just above the trail, scratching in the trash and earth with one foot and rooting with his nose, getting grouse berries, bugs and worms—anything he could find to eat. I wasn't more than a hundred yards from him. I could see that he was as poor as a buzzard and shedding, so that his hide was no good. I didn't care to force my acquaintance on him, for early in the spring them bears are about as cross and savage as a married woman with a number six foot trying to break in a pair of number four Sunday shoes. I halloed at him. He looked at me and went right on with his work. I halloed again two or three times. He paid no attention to me. I walked a little nearer and threw rocks at him. One hit him. That only made him mad. He growled and went right on with his work again. I said to myself, "Old chap, I will teach you some manners and let you know which one of the boys I am." He was standing with his side toward me. I took aim behind his foreleg and let him have the

only cartridge I had with me. He fell over dead. I waited a few minutes. He didn't move. I went up near enough to pelt him good with rocks. Still he didn't move. I got brave and went up to him; he seemed to be good and dead. Just as I turned to walk away that dead bear scrambled to his feet. He was mad, and he didn't hesitate about letting me know he was mad. He came right after me and I didn't stand around and argue the case. I started right in to show him that he couldn't run if he did have four legs, and if he would just watch me a few minutes I could convince him that two legs were all that was necessary to do first-class running. While I ran I wondered who was giving the lessons in manners, I or the bear. I didn't go far until I came to a tree about three and a half feet in diameter that had fallen across the trail. I jumped over that with ease. The bear was only about fifteen feet behind me. I heard him making a scratching noise on the tree. I glanced back and saw that he was not getting over it. The effect of the shot had weakened him so much that he didn't seem to be able to climb over the trunk. I thought, this is my chance, so I rushed to the tree and every time he made an extra effort to get over I would punch him back with my gun. We kept that up for what seemed to me more than an hour. Finally Mr. Bear gave it up and lay very still on the ground. I took a good look at him but I didn't climb over on his side of the log. I had learned manners too well to try to be too familiar with that bear any more.

I went on and found the ponies and salted them. I went down the creek to camp, and told Poole about the bear. I thought he would laugh himself to death. He said that the grasshoppers ought to eat a man that was green enough to go out into the hills with only one cartridge. I went back next morning with a belt full of cartridges. The bear was dead.

You ought to have seen us getting the ties to the creek bank. When they were too far away to be put there by hand I got on my best rope horse with a rope. Poole stayed on the ground and hitched the rope over the end of a tie, then I took a turn around my saddle horn, spoke to the pony, and that tie was on the bank of the creek. Then I would reach down from the saddle and slip the rope off the end and go after another quicker than I can write or tell it. When the first of May came around we had all our ties piled on the bank ready to throw into the creek. We hired men and went to throwing in ties. From the first of May until the tenth there were icicles hanging from the grass, weeds, and small bushes near the water's edge. We were in the water every morning before sunrise up to our chins, and in and out all day. And let me tell you, it wasn't every man who had the nerve to drive timber in a Rocky Mountain stream full of rapids and rocks. Many times every day the ties would lodge and pile up and if we didn't get in there and break the jam thousands of ties would pile up and wedge in until we never could get them out. We had to cut or saw the ties that were the

keys to the whole jam and when the ties began to pop and the rocks began to groan then a fellow had to fly for his life. Sometimes the ties would snap like matches. You had to run back and keep on top of the ties and get ashore where it was safe before the jam went to pieces. I saw one man working in under the front end of a jam. I yelled at him to get out, but the water was making so much noise he couldn't hear me or hear the timbers breaking. When he saw the timbers begin to move he saw he didn't have time to get back on top, so he jumped into the rapids and went down ahead of the jam and outswam it until he struck water smooth enough so he could get up the bank.

It was the first of June when we got the first ties into the boom and July first when we got the last of the drive in. When the first ties went into the boom Mr. Huff put thirty teams to hauling ties, and by the time we got the last end of the drive in and went to see Mr. Huff for a settlement he had hauled five thousand ties away. He very coolly told us he couldn't pay us anything; said he was a sub-contractor and the man he got his contract from had gone broke and he couldn't get a dollar. We stopped the teams from hauling, and made twenty-one teamsters unload the ties they had on their wagons. We put two men there to see that no more ties were hauled. We went to see Mr. Huff again and he talked mean. We held a council to consider ways and means. Then we went to a man that we owed about a thousand dollars for supplies. This man was doing

business in the same town where Mr. Huff had his office. It was a small, new frontier town. We asked the man we owed if he could find out for us if Mr. Huff had any money in the only bank in the town. He said, "I don't have to find out. I am one of the bank officials. I know that he had over twenty thousand dollars in the bank late yesterday evening. Huff doesn't sub-contract from anyone. The other man is his partner and that is a regular swindling game of theirs. I know they worked it on two or three parties in Kansas." We told him what we intended to do. He said, "Go to it, boys, and if I can help you I will."

We told him to fix it with the town marshal so if there was any shooting or yelling for help at a certain place the marshal was not to hear it. We were not going to murder any one, though we might be compelled to make some gentlemen believe we were.

We went to the bank and got some blank checks. Then we rode to Mr. Huff's office, which was right off the sidewalk in a small building. Mr. Huff was there and the door was open. We dismounted. I stepped in. Poole stood in the doorway. I threw the blank checks on Mr. Huff's desk where he was sitting. Then I turned and walked toward the door. Then I turned suddenly and told Mr. Huff to keep his hands above the desk and not to move them except in filling out one of those checks to J. J. Donegan for four thousand two hundred and twenty-four dollars, and be quick about it.

Mr. Huff looked surprised. He was looking into the

muzzle of as healthy a looking forty-five Colt as he had ever seen.

He picked up one of the checks, looked at it, then looked at me, then dropped his eyes to the gun, and then to the check again and went to writing. When he had finished he shoved the check towards me and said, "There it is." I asked Poole to step in and examine the check, then hold his gun on the gentleman while I ran my eye over the check. The check was properly filled and signed. I gave it to Poole and told him to go to Donegan's store and get him to take the check to the bank three doors from his store and get it cashed. Poole was to bring me the money in something I could carry it in.

While Poole was gone I kept Mr. Huff seated behind his desk and told him what would have happened to him if he hadn't filled out that check and what would still happen to him if the check was not cashed. We didn't intend to kill him unless we were forced to it in self-defense, though I believe he thought we did.

If we hadn't scared him into giving us the check, or if it hadn't been cashed, we were going to lock the door and take turns holding a gun on him and his clerk while the other whipped him with a Mexican quirt, which is a whip in every sense of the word. He wouldn't have stood for much of that until he would have squealed beautifully, for every time we hit him we intended to break the hide. That would have brought the check or we wouldn't have left hide enough on him to cover a

shirt button. By the time I got through telling him this I had him looking serious.

Poole got back with the money in a good canvas sack. I told him to set the sack down and to let Mr. Huff look into the muzzle of his gun a while. Then I would take a look around and see how Mr. Huff and his clerk and bookkeeper were fixed for shooting irons.

I found in the bookkeeper's desk a little old pepper-box pistol. If anybody had shot me with it and I had ever found it out I would have been real mad at them. I found in one of the drawers of Mr. Huff's desk a good forty-five Remington. I took both pistols out, took the cartridges out, and threw them under the board sidewalk. I then took the key out of the door and put it in Poole's pocket and told Mr. Huff that he was not in Kansas now—this was Colorado, one state west of Kansas. I then said to Poole, "You know where I am going and when I am gone thirty minutes you back out the door, lock it and throw the key under the sidewalk with the pistols, ride to camp at the boom, and I will be there in the next forty-eight hours. There won't be any officer following you, and if any one else does, you know what to do and how to do it."

I rode to Denver, sixty-five miles, and put the money in a bank and rode into camp, seventy-five miles from Denver, at daylight, the second morning. We paid everybody, then pulled our ties out of the water and piled them up.

About that time a circus came to the town. They

traveled in them days with wagons. That show was given out by everyone to be the toughest outfit they had ever seen or heard of in any country.

Poole and I went to town to take in the circus. After the show we went across the river from the show grounds to the stage stand and roadhouse where we always put up. A couple of hours after dinner Poole and I were getting ready to go to camp. The sheriff and a justice of the peace were standing on the end of the hotel porch. The hotel proprietor, Poole, and I were standing on the ground near the end of the porch. The proprietor asked us if anyone had been after us for the ties we had on hand. We said, "No." He said, "Just wait. They will be after you."

The sheriff said, "Yes, Huff is going to claim those ties on the contract."

The justice of peace spoke up and said, "Don't you boys let him have any ties on that contract. He has forfeited all his rights so far as justice is concerned, and that is what we try to make the basis of all our decisions."

The old justice of the peace laughed and said, "You boys can make more money running a collection agency than anything else."

They all complimented us on our ability as collectors. They thought it would be a good thing for the country if there was more of that kind of collecting done.

Just as we started to the stable to get our horses a big, half-drunk, red-headed, red-faced Irishman rushed

up to Poole and said, "I am told yez are the best man in the state. Shure, I am goin' to find out how good a man yez are," and struck at Poole. He ducked his head to one side so the fellow missed him. Poole gave him a shove, didn't strike him at all. The fellow caught his feet on a piece of pine, two by four, that was lying on the ground and fell. Falling down from a shove made the fellow so mad that he grabbed up the piece of timber and rushed at Poole and struck at him. As the fellow did so, Poole stepped back so the timber missed him. When it failed to strike Poole its weight and the force of the blow brought the Irishman forward until he was right by Poole's right side. Poole was left handed. He struck across in front of his own body and hit the fellow on the left side of the neck. I was about three feet from Poole. I didn't think he struck hard, neither did any one who saw the lick, but it killed that fellow, broke his neck. That delayed us. Of course, Poole felt very sorry.

It wasn't more than ten minutes until there were at least twenty of that circus crew on the ground with pistols, knives, tent stakes, and pick handles, and they were going to kill the man that struck Jimmy Connelly, that they would. Be jabbers, they would kill him and all his friends dead.

We all pulled our guns that had any. The hotel man ran into the office and got two, one for himself and one for the justice of the peace. Five or six guests ran out of the hotel, all with guns. That made ten or eleven of

us armed with forty-five six-shooters and Winchester rifles. It sure looked like we was going to have to kill about half of that drunken bunch.

The sheriff made a talk to them. They weren't so drunk but what they knew when the odds were against them. It looked for a while like we had more on our hands than we could take care of properly. Some one had run across the bridge to the circus grounds and told the bosses what their men were doing. They were going to show that night and everybody was supposed to be sleeping instead of drinking and fighting.

Just then five or six big, husky bosses came running across the bridge, armed with hand spikes, crowbars, and wagon stakes, and maybe they didn't look good to us. The way they waded into that crowd of roughnecks—they went at them regular old time steamboat first mate and roustabout fashion, and we sure felt that they were our saviours. The toughs were as scared of the bosses as if they had been Satan himself. They drove them across the bridge like they were a flock of sheep, and they didn't give us a chance to tell the boys good-by.

Poole made arrangements with the hotel man to have Jimmy Connelly respectably buried. Several of us chipped in and helped pay the burial expenses. Poole and I rode out of town, as we all agreed that was the best thing to do as the circus crowd was drinking, and had little enough sense at their best, and before night they would be drunk enough to not have any sense

at all. We had seen all the killing we wanted for one day.

We went out to camp all right. Poole seemed to take a sensible view of the killing, though occasionally I would find him in a very deep study with a troubled expression on his face.

About a week after we had been to the circus who should drive into camp one morning but our friend Mr. Huff. His unlimited gall made Poole and me both blush.

He was as friendly and polite as a French dancing master. He said he had come to inspect and count up the rest of the ties that were coming to him on his contract; he had come prepared to give us a check for the ties. We told him we didn't want his check, and there were no ties there for him, and he had no contract with us; that he must have made a mistake and got into the wrong camp; we didn't know him from a crow; and he was wasting his politeness, gall and time on us.

He said, "I will see what the law says about it," and drove off. Four or five days later a gentleman drove into camp and said he was a tie buyer. He asked the price. We told him one dollar and no culls. We sold him them ties so quick that he felt like he had always owned them, and we didn't have to persuade anyone to pay for them.

Poole and I prospected and mined together for three years. We did most of our work on a little, very rich tellurium stringer which we sold for fifteen thousand

dollars cash to an Englishman. I never saw Poole after we separated. He seemed to have forgotten the Jimmy Connelly affair. But I was told about twenty years after that he had been dead four or five years, that he had lost his mind on account of killing Connelly, and had died in an insane asylum.

XI

SLIPPING THE HANDCUFFS

Our regiment was a part of the troops selected to march into Vicksburg, July 4th, 1863, and I can remember as distinctly as if it all happened last week just how important I felt, and I believe every man in Grant's army felt as I did. After forty-two days of continuous battle, day and night, we had a right to feel our importance, especially when we looked at that immense army and its impenetrable fortifications and realized that we were marching through to accept the unconditional surrender of that army. At that time I lacked from July 4th to September 20th of being seventeen years old.

The twelfth of July we were ordered to Natchez, Mississippi, one hundred and twenty-five miles below Vicksburg. We went there to head off and capture the Texas cattle that were crossing the Mississippi River below Natchez, to supply General Joe Johnston's army with beef. He was stationed near Jackson, Mississippi.

After getting to Natchez, we were mounted and sent out to capture the beef cattle. We always waited until they were on the east side of the river, as that was the side we wanted them on. And the way we brought in beef cattle was surprising—not only hundreds but

thousands of them. We had to do some pretty stiff fighting sometimes, and those Texas chaps were not at all bashful when it came to a skirmish. But on account of superior numbers we always got the best of it and got away with the cattle, until Joe Johnston sent a brigade of Joe Wheeler's cavalry who very decidedly interfered with our cattle business for a while. We managed to mix it pretty evenly with them.

Talk about doing things for a thrill. If ever a boy was thrilled, I was. I was a natural born horseman, raised on an Illinois stock farm, a fine shot from the time I was twelve years old, tough as a boiled owl and hard as a pine knot, and to say that I was enjoying life doesn't express it. One day when seventeen of us were out scouting to locate cattle, a company of fifty men of Wheeler's cavalry surrounded us in a grove of big magnolia trees. That wasn't so funny.

They kept us there until our water and ammunition gave out and we were obliged to surrender. You bet the Johnnies didn't crowd us until we hoisted a white flag. They said they weren't sure what kind of a reception they might meet with if they got too close. After we were disarmed and started on the march, a man was put in charge of each prisoner, and we rode alongside of our guards.

At night we lay down together, and Thompson, my guard, and I were handcuffed to each other with a pair of old-fashioned handcuffs. We were traveling east and, as I understood from conversations overheard, we were

headed for Joe Johnston's main army. I felt satisfied that if I stayed with that crowd long enough I would land in some stockade prison and I didn't believe that would be beneficial to my general health. So I began to scheme some way to escape, but just how I was going to get rid of those old handcuffs kept me guessing.

The night of the third day I was getting uneasy. I knew I had to do something and do it quick. Thompson was a sound sleeper and had nothing on his mind but to sleep and rest. After we had lain down, I told Thompson the handcuff was too tight, that it hurt my wrist. He called the captain, who came and unlocked the handcuff and let it out a notch. I had lied about its hurting me, but I didn't think it any harm to lie under those circumstances. We had taken our boots off and lain down with our clothes on. There weren't any pickets out, as there was no danger from the Yanks at that place. I lay still until every one seemed to be asleep. Then I spit on my hand until it was wet and slick. I slipped the handcuff off, picked up my boots and Thompson's carbine and cartridge box, and ran through the beech woods. I ran because I couldn't fly. I didn't go far until I put my boots on. Then I did run. I hadn't gone far when a rabbit jumped up in front of me and ran down the path. I suppose he was doing his best, but I gave him a kick and told him if he couldn't run, to get out of the way and let a fellow run that could. You never know how fast you can go until you have cause. I had cause. The moon was shining very bright,

and I bet there wasn't a seventeen-year-old boy in the whole Yankee Army that could have covered any more ground between that time and daylight than I did. And I knew I was going toward Natchez. I was born with an instinct like a hound dog as to direction. I never was lost in my life, day or night, and I spent the greater part of my life on the waste between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains and northern Montana and the center of old Mexico.

When daylight came, I got an ear of corn in a field, ate part of it, crawled into the thick briars and sassafras bushes in a fence corner, and slept like a drunken sailor. I didn't propose to be followed, so I avoided all soft ground. Several times I waded small streams as far as they went in my direction. Always, in getting in or out of the stream, I was careful not to leave any footprints on the banks. I followed all roads that led in my direction, but dragged a small bush after me to obliterate my tracks in the dust.

I slept in the bushes until about four o'clock. When I woke, about the first thing I realized was that I heard darkies singing. I ate some more corn, then crawled to the fence and made a very careful survey of my surroundings to see that there were no white folks around. A negro man and woman gathering corn blades were all the human beings in sight. I felt as if I had found a long-lost and much-needed friend, which I sure had. I climbed the fence and attracted their attention. They were two scared darkies. I had to threaten them before

they would come to me. They were a woman of about fifty, and her grown son. When they got to me, their eyes looked as if they would jump out of their heads.

The woman said, "Who is you an' whar is you gwine an' whar you come from?"

I told them I was a Yankee and had been a prisoner and was getting away.

The woman said, "I 'spicioned you all mout be a Yankee, kase you all doan look nur talk lak dem uder sojers. Dar was plenty of dem hereabouts day befo' yisterday. Is you all sho nuff a Yankee, kase you all doan look wun bit like dem. De white folks done tole us black folks dat all dem Yankees got horns on dar haids and got long teef lak a wolf er a dawg. Do all dem Yankees look lak youens do? If dey does dem white folks sho doan know nuffin' about Yankees."

Then I asked if there were any white men about the plantation. They said only one old man that couldn't get out of the house. I told them as soon as everything was quiet and everybody seemed to be asleep, I wanted them to bring me the best saddle animal and the best saddle on the plantation. The man said there was no horse, but a saddle mule as good as any horse. I told him to bring the mule and a sack with three or four pones of cornbread baked hard and plenty of fried bacon, and to come as early as possible. Then the woman said a colored preacher passed through the country on the sly about two weeks ago and told them the darkies were all free wherever the Yankee soldiers were. I ex-

plained the situation to them and advised them to remain where they were for the present. They both dropped to their knees and such a prayer I never heard in my life. They prayed to me as if I were some great deity. It made me feel queer.

The mule and the meal sack came all right, and there was more in the sack than I needed. You should have seen that little hungry Yankee eat. He did his eating while riding, and that mule slid over the ground like a black snake, until daylight. Then I found another cornfield, with a sassafras thicket and briar patch just outside. I got the mule plenty of corn and fodder, but he ate very little—just like a mule. He was in a strange place away from the company he had been used to. But there was one fellow who didn't fail to eat corn dodger and fried bacon. I had to stay by the mule's head all day to keep him from braying, because he was away from home. I didn't get one wink of sleep. I made Mr. Mule pay for it that night.

The next morning we hid again outside of another cornfield. Mr. Mule was glad to eat and sleep that day, and so was I. I rode that night and when daylight came I didn't hide. I stopped long enough to feed my mule and myself, and we both ate without coaxing. It wasn't long until I struck a state turnpike that I had been pulling for. I knew it led into Natchez, but I didn't know how far I was from the town. About ten o'clock I came to an old church. I knew then I was fifty miles or so from Natchez.

I rode on about two miles when I saw an old-fashioned, closed family carriage coming towards me, with a colored driver upon a high seat, and as fine a pair of horses, I thought, as I ever looked at, especially the near horse. I thought fifty miles is a long way to ride a mule as tired as this one is, and right here is where I do some horse-swapping or know the reason why.

When we met, I signalled the driver to stop, and before the carriage wheels had stopped rolling I was on the ground in front of the mule, with my Sharp's carbine that I had borrowed from Thompson full cocked and my finger on the trigger. I didn't know who was in that carriage and just about then I wasn't taking any chances on any one. I told the driver to get down and unhitch the near horse and put the saddle on him and put the bridle reins in my left hand. With all my orders to the driver, I didn't take my eyes off the carriage door.

While the driver was unhitching the horse and unsaddling the mule, he whispered to me that it was a wedding party,—the bride and groom on the back seat facing the front, and two old gentlemen, the bride's father and the minister, on the front seat facing the rear. But just as soon as the carriage stopped, the bride and the two old gentlemen stuck their heads out of the door, and when the young lady saw what was going on, she turned loose, and of all the tongue lashings and abuse any poor Yankee ever got, I got the worst. Of all the tongues and tempers I ever saw coupled together,

she had the worst. I have often thought since that I would have done that young man a kindness if I had killed him then.

When the driver put the bridle reins in my hand, I called the young lady down. I told her I had stood her abuse long enough, but if it had afforded her any pleasure, she was welcome. I had a few words to say that I thought she would listen to: if she called me one other ugly name, or spoke one more abusive word to me, I would take the young man by her side to Natchez with me, and I would make him walk what time he wasn't running. I told her that I knew he was an officer in the Confederate Army and the principal part of my business was looking for those chaps. It was all a bluff. I wouldn't have taken him as a present and a dollar bill with him. But the bluff worked all right. It is said that no one ever made a mad woman stop talking, but that is not true. I told the driver to drive on and for none of them to look back. I kept my face to that carriage until it got two hundred yards up the road and I never heard another word from the bride. I got on the bay horse and laughed all the way to Natchez. It tickled me so to ride that horse.

I don't believe I would have got that smile all off my face in a month if I hadn't got into the hardest fight I ever had in my life, less than twenty minutes after I got to camp. I rode in long before sunset, and just before I got to camp I met the chaplain. He stopped me and wanted to know where I had got my

horse. I told him I swapped for him. He said it was the most magnificent animal he had ever seen and he wanted to trade with me. I told him I didn't care to trade. He ranked as a captain and thought he could do as he pleased as far as I was concerned. I hadn't been in camp more than ten minutes when in came the chaplain's orderly, five or six years older than I, but not as tall and no heavier. He was leading an old rawboned, buck-kneed, pigeon-toed horse that wasn't worth ten dollars, to exchange for my horse. He tied his horse to the picket rope and started to untie mine, but he only got started. I was on to that fellow's summit like a setting hen on to a June bug. He knew he was being entertained and started right in to return the compliment. I guess I would have come out second best if I hadn't been fighting on my own company grounds with the boys all hollering for me. As it turned out, the chaplain's orderly was glad to take himself and the old bunch of bones back to the chaplain. We had fought nearly half an hour and neither of us had a sign of a shirt left, and both were as bloodly as butchers. Just then who should walk into the crowd but the adjutant, who had been a private in our company and my bunky, and was the colonel's nephew. He looked at me pretty hard and said, "Where is the other fellow?"

The orderly sergeant pointed and said, "Yonder he goes."

The adjutant wanted to know who came out second best. The sergeant pointed to the chaplain's orderly

again and said, "Him. And if he hadn't, the fight would be going on yet."

The adjutant wanted to know all about it. The orderly sergeant had to tell him, because I was crying so I couldn't talk. After he had heard the story, he looked at me again pretty hard, grabbed me by the arm, and said, "Come on up to Uncle Fred's tent."

I said, "Wait until I wash and put on a shirt."

"Wash, nothing," he exclaimed. "Come on, just as you are."

I had to go, and when the colonel saw me and heard all about it, he was the maddest man I ever saw. He sent the adjutant with a written order for the chaplain, and when the chaplain got there, which was only a few minutes later, the colonel called him everything but what a gentleman and a chaplain should be. I felt sorry for the man. If you could have heard the colonel talk to him, you would have thought I was a great hero. He said things that actually made me blush. The final result was that the chaplain quit the army.

The story doesn't really end until about seven years after the close of the Civil War. Very soon after the close of the war I went West, as far as the Rocky Mountains, and worked at different occupations for several years, mostly as a cowboy. I got acquainted with a man who thought I would be a good man to send to Texas to buy cattle and drive to northern Colorado. I liked that job as there was plenty of risk, excitement and responsibility. I came in with my second year's drive—

thirty-eight hundred head—and turned them loose on the south side of the South Platte River above Freemont's orchard, a grove of cottonwood trees. A contracting company had begun taking out a big irrigating canal about ten miles below our headquarters ranch.

One morning I rode down the river to see how the cattle were doing. After looking the cattle over, I was on my way back to the ranch, passing the ditch camp. I knew the cook well. It was almost dinner time and he insisted on my staying to eat. When the men began to come in, the cook told me to take a seat at the table just anywhere. I noticed one man when he walked in. He sat down opposite me. I thought he was the all-around handsomest man I ever saw. There was something about the fellow that drew my eyes to him, and still it never occurred to me that I had ever seen him before. He looked straight at me for a while, then asked me if I was a Yankee soldier during the war. I told him I was.

He said, "You are Jack Lord. Don't you know me?"

He was four or five years older than me and had grown a long, full beard that changed his looks completely. I had changed but very little. He said, "I am Allerton Thompson," and jumped up and grabbed my hand, and I thought he would pull me across the table. He said, "Gentlemen, I want to introduce you to the slickest Yankee that was in the whole Yankee army during the war." Then he told the whole story up to the slipping of the handcuffs.

That crowd tried to see how loud they could laugh and yell. Thompson seemed to enjoy it as much as any one. He didn't work that afternoon and I didn't go back to the ranch.

Then Thompson told me he felt cheaper than any one had ever felt when he woke up the next morning and found that old handcuff dangling to his wrist, and realized that he was short one Yankee prisoner, a carbine and cartridge box. He said he had always hoped he would meet me some day if I had come through the war alive, as he felt that he would rather see me than any one else on earth. I got him a job as a cowboy with my boss, and in two years he was range foreman and worked seven years and never lost a day. Then he went back to Tennessee and married the girl who had waited all those years for him. He was a man and a gentleman in every sense of the word and he and I thought as much of each other as two men possibly could.

XII

BUFFALO BILL

I was working for the man who had the contract to move old Fort McKinney from the dry fork to the Clear Fork of Powder River in Northern Wyoming, a distance of eighty-six miles. This was in the early days and the country was wild and unsettled for hundreds of miles in every direction. The Indians were strictly bad, —the Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahos. We had a company of Pawnee Scouts, not to protect us from the Indians, but to let us know when to be ready to protect ourselves. Bill Cody was commander of the Pawnees.

We had a train of twenty-seven teams, six yoke of oxen and two big wagons to the team, and sixty men including Cody and his Pawnees. The Indians were always bitterly opposed to the building of these frontier forts; they claimed it was just stealing more of their hunting grounds, and they waged bitter war on any outfit engaged in the building of new forts. As a rule, they only wanted an excuse to go on the warpath.

Cody and I soon became fast friends. There was only three months' difference in our ages—we were only boys. Cody had been in the government service as a frontier scout for several years, and I had been through the Civil War. We were chummy enough to sleep in

the same roll of buffalo robes and blankets. I always went out with him when I could to see the movements of the Indians. They seemed determined to sneak in on the wagon train and murder the whole outfit, and they kept Cody and his twenty-two Pawnees busy. Several times we had to fight small bands to save the cattle.

Going out with Cody was a great surprise to me, to see the shrewd cunning of those Indians and to see how quick Cody and the Pawnees could understand just what every move meant and know what to do. The Indians started in with the idea they could do more harm by being divided up into small bands and dashing in on us in camp late of evenings or very early of a morning. An Indian makes no attacks after dark or before daylight. But the scouts made it their business to see that we were not taken by surprise. For several weeks the Indians didn't bother us. Cody told us they were getting ready to change their tactics and in all probability they would attack us in force when we would be strung out on the road and not give us time to park the wagons in a circle with the cattle inside. That circle made a good fort.

It wasn't many days until Cody sent in one of his scouts with orders to park the wagons, as we were going to be attacked. The scouts would all be in inside of an hour. We left a gap between two wagons so the scouts could ride in, and when they came the reds were right after them, every Indian hanging on the side of his horse with one arm hooked over the horse's neck. There

were about seventy-five of them. Cody gave orders to hold our fire until they turned, and not to try to shoot the men but to aim right behind the fore leg of each horse. About six hundred yards distant to the south, looking on, were about three hundred warriors; to the north, only twenty-five, four hundred all told. Cody told us, "If you get the horse you can get that Indian and another one or two."

We were armed with good breech-loading long-range rifles, two to the man, with plenty of government cartridges. When the Indians got about one hundred and fifty yards from us they swerved to the left and all we could see of each man was one arm from the elbow to the hand and one leg from the knee to the foot. Before they got out of range of our rifles there were only ten or twelve horses left on their feet, but none of the Indians in sight. They were down behind the dead horses. As soon as the other Indians saw what had been done, a band of about a hundred charged to try to rescue their comrades that had been dismounted. When you dismounted a plains Indian you had him whipped. What we did to that band of warriors was plenty. It was almost a clean-up of both bands. The warriors to the north of us seemed at a loss as to what to do,—their plans hadn't worked out right. The first band that followed the scouts in expected they could dash around with very little danger to themselves and attract our attention so that the small band to the north could dash in and set some of the wagons on fire; many of them

were loaded with very inflammable stuff. Their plans had miscarried so completely that they gave it up as a bad job and never bothered us again during the remaining six months of the thirteen months we put in moving the old fort.

Later the Indians got good and came into the fort and told about how they had planned to scoop up the wagon train. They said, "Captain Cody heap big chief, heap smart, all time fool Injun like hell."

Not long after New Fort McKinney was built the country began to fill up with cattle. Sitting Bull, the Sioux chief, went to the fort and wanted a cannon and "heap big red cartridge." The colonel in command said, "No, I won't give you cannon and big red cartridge to kill my soldiers." Sitting Bull said, "Huh, no want cannon kill soldier, want cannon kill cowboy, club good enough kill soldier."

I next met Bill Cody at Abolene, Kansas, when that town was the terminal of the Texas cattle trail. He was city marshal. I was there to buy cattle for a man I was working for in northern Colorado. I was there several weeks before closing a satisfactory deal for thirty-seven hundred head of mixed cattle. Cody and I boarded at the same hotel and slept in the same room. Almost every night, and sometimes in the day time, he was engaged in a pistol battle. I was an eye witness often, and how he escaped as he did was nothing short of a miracle.

The trouble was nearly always with the saloon men,

gamblers, thieves and hold-ups, sometimes with the cowboys. There were four hundred camped around Abolene and they spent the greater part of their time in the town. The cowboys and cattle owners would spend, gamble away, and be robbed of at least two thousand dollars and each and every one of the toughs was trying to get all of it. If they couldn't get it any other way, they would knock a fellow in the head, take his money and throw him out the back door. They had killed one marshal and run two out of town before Cody was employed. They made their boasts that Cody, like the Indians' fresh meat, would last pretty quick. They didn't know Buffalo Bill. If Cody's luck stayed with him about two more seasons there wouldn't have been toughs enough left to tell the story.

The next season the trail business moved to Dodge City. Then things did boom; a lot more cattle, more cowboys, more money, and more toughs. Abolene moved to Dodge, bag and baggage, everything but the ground the buildings and tents stood on. The decent business people took the marshal with them from Abolene, and asked the marshal at Dodge to resign, which he was very willing to do. Cody was made marshal. He hired two deputies that he knew he could depend on; then the war did begin. I saw Cody and his two deputies and a cowboy go into a big saloon and gambling dive one night, where the cowboy had been robbed. When the smoke cleared away one deputy and the cowboy were dead on one side of the fight, and twelve of the toughs

were dead and five so severely wounded that four of them died. One of the dead was one of the proprietors and another the boss bartender. This was Dodge City.

After this cattle season was closed Cody quit the job of marshal and went back to scouting and buffalo hunting. He got the name of Buffalo Bill by killing buffalo to supply the contractors who built the Union Pacific Railroad with meat. Some of the Irishmen called him Buffalo Bill and it stuck to him.

When the Grand Duke Alexis made his tour of the United States he came to Cheyenne, Wyoming, and wanted to go on a buffalo hunt. The army officers at Fort D. A. Russell advised him to get Buffalo Bill to take him on a hunt, which he did. The Grand Duke became very much fascinated with Cody himself, his shooting and horsemanship and record as a scout and Indian fighter, and suggested the show business. I have thrown many silver dollars and half dollars into the air and he would seldom miss one with a Winchester rifle or forty-five six-shooter. Glass balls and clay pigeons were so easy he wouldn't shoot at them.

It was several years before Cody got in with Nate Salisbury, who furnished the capital to go into the first show business. I made them a present of seventeen of their worst bucking horses. My partners and myself had a horse ranch forty miles from Cheyenne and had between six and seven thousand head of horses on the range. Five of our best broncho busters and ropers went to Europe with Cody on his first trip.

Cody spent the first winter after his return from Europe in Westchester, Pennsylvania, for vacation and rest. I was there part of the winter on mining business. Westchester was a great place for fox chasing and polo playing. There was a Colorado man in Westchester with a lot of western horses for sale. He was glad for us to ride his horses on the fox chase and polo grounds. We would ride in ahead of the hounds and pick the fox up by the tail and ride into town with him. We didn't pretend to play polo. We would ride at full speed and pick up the balls from the ground and throw them at each other. That was more fun for the Pennsylvanians than playing polo themselves.

A great many people got the impression that Cody was a rough-neck and all-around bad man. He was naturally one of the most polished gentlemen and the handsomest man in every respect I ever saw, always pleasant and polite.

XIII

A GREEN HERDER

When Horace Greeley, N. C. Meeker, General Cameron and others located the Union Colony, which is now Greeley, Colorado, on the south bank of the Cache la Poudre River, six miles from where it empties into the South Platte River, that country was then a cattle range except for a few scattering settlers along the different streams. West toward the mountains and east for three hundred and fifty miles was a wild unsettled country that belonged exclusively to the Indians, buffalo, antelope, deer, big gray wolves, coyotes, jack rabbits and prairie dogs.

I was working for Mr. B. F. Johnson, whose ranch was on the south side of the Platte River, fifteen miles east of where the Union Colony located. We felt sorry for the poor tenderfeet, but it didn't do any good to try to make them see what a mistake they were making. We thought they were fixing to spoil a lot of good cattle range.

I remember quite well that while Greeley and his crowd were on the ground one of the boys and I were riding on that part of the range and saw them. We wondered what that crowd of lunatics could be. We rode to them. They gathered around us and all tried

to ask questions at the same time. They stared at us as though we were some strange variety of wild animal, and I suppose a live cowboy was more of a show and curiosity to them than a circus. We asked them what they were trying to do and Mr. Greeley delivered us quite a discourse on how they were going to make the desert blossom as the rose. We didn't try to argue the case. We saw that when it came to talking we weren't in the same class with them fellows.

They went ahead with their wild scheme, and when the colonists began building a town and after an elaborate survey started work on a big irrigation canal, we thought, the poor fools, they don't know what they are doing; they may hang on, some of them, for a year or two until they spend what money they have and starve out, and that will be the last of the Union Colony.

I wish you could see that part of Colorado now. If there is any such thing as a farmer's paradise it is the country around Greeley. The cattlemen were sitting up taking notice, and the second year the colonists were going right on, two steps at a time, and not much sign of starving out. They were building more irrigating ditches, putting in big crops, building houses and making improvements in general. So the cattlemen began figuring on moving down the Platte River to get farther away from the settlements, as farming and range cattle don't mix worth a cent.

Johnson was the first man to get ready to move. About two months before he was ready, an Irishman

by the name of Pat Cullen (and he was Irish, too) had shipped a hundred head of two-year-old heifers from Iowa and located them on the north side of the river, just a few miles below Johnson's ranch. He was about forty-eight years old, very small, just an overgrown Tom Thumb and not the handsomest human I ever saw, and he had never ridden horseback very much. He had an old McClellan cavalry saddle and rode with very short stirrups, and he was an amusing sight for regulation cowboys.

When Pat heard that Johnson was going to move down the river a hundred and forty miles to get out of reach of the settlements, he thought that would be the proper thing for him to do. So he arranged with Johnson to go along and work for his board and select himself a good ranch and range location and move his cattle later in the summer and be right in the swim with the bigger cattle men. Pat was on hand to help gather the cattle and was always right where he shouldn't be. What he didn't know about handling range cattle would have made a large book. I told Johnson he had better detail his two best men to take care of Pat and keep him out of the way.

We got started at last. The first night out Johnson put Pat on night herd with me. Between sundown and dark we herd the cattle just so they have plenty of room to lie down. They all lie down and if nothing disturbs them they are quiet until daylight. The men on night herd ride around the herd going in the same

direction and keep directly opposite each other. The nights are almost always clear and the starlight is very bright in that dry, clear atmosphere, so as a rule one can see a man on a horse across a herd of two thousand cattle. I didn't see anything of Pat for some time. I thought he might have ridden to camp for a drink of water, but when he didn't come back I began to wonder what had become of him.

Finally I heard some one hallooing. I knew it was Pat, but I couldn't imagine what on earth had happened to him. I rode out and found Pat afoot and alone. There was a little sand ridge between him and the herd, and he didn't have any more idea where that herd was than if he had never seen it and he didn't know how he had got there or what had become of his horse. I told him I knew all about it. He went to sleep and his horse had wandered out there and he had fallen off and the horse had gone to camp. He owned up that he heard the bloody horse running away. I took him to where he could see camp and told him he would find his horse with the others.

When it was about time to call the next guard Pat came riding up to the herd as unconcerned as though nothing had happened. It was an accident he found the herd. So I left him with the herd and went to camp to call the next shift and told them to see that Pat got to camp all right.

Nothing much happened the next day but that night Pat and I were on herd together again. We were on

from ten to twelve. About eleven I noticed the cattle begin to move. I began to hunt for the cause. I found it. It was Pat sitting on his horse nearly in the middle of the herd sound asleep. Why he didn't fall off was a wonder to me. If he had we would have had a stampede right enough. I got him out of the herd and shook him so hard he didn't feel like going to sleep again that night, and I sure made him ride until we got the cattle back on the bed ground and quieted down. We could see the camp plainly so Pat had no trouble to find camp to wake up the next shift.

The next day was just an ordinary day on the cattle trail. That night, the third, we got on all right until twelve o'clock. We couldn't see the camp from the herd. Pat wanted to stay with the herd while I went to camp to wake the next shift. I asked him if he thought he could find the camp. "Och, shure, no fear about that; I can find camp as good as any wan."

But just the same Pat didn't find camp until after daylight next morning. He had sense enough when he found he was lost to picket his horse and lie down and sleep until morning; when it was light he could see the cattle grazing as they were leaving the bed ground. He went to the cattle and the boys on herd showed him the camp.

The next and fourth night Pat wound up his career as a night herder. He and I went on as usual. When we had been on herd about half an hour, I had come around to the side of the herd farthest from the river.

There was a slight elevation near the river and then level plain. I heard a band of buffalo headed for the river to get water. We were fifty miles east of where we had started from and were getting into the edge of the buffalo country. Pat had never seen or heard a buffalo. They make a terrible, ugly, grunting noise. They make this noise when they are running, going to water. They always stay out from water until they are nearly choked with thirst, then when they start they increase their speed as they get nearer the water until they are on the run. They act as though each one was afraid all the others would beat him to the water, but they stick to the trail and follow their leader, one behind another, single file. I knew these buffalo were on a trail that would lead them right into the herd. The camp lay directly between the herd and the river, and near the bank of the river.

I knew something had to be done and done quick or there would be a stampede of cattle and a stampede of saddle horses, which would leave us all afoot and in a fine shape to handle a herd of range cattle. There isn't anything else that will stampede stock, both cattle and horse, any quicker or any worse than buffalo, unless it is wild camels. I didn't have time to ride to Pat and explain matters to him, so I rode out meeting the buffalo.

I untied my oilskin slicker from behind my saddle. I met the buffalo out about a quarter of a mile from the herd and you bet me and that yellow slicker turned

them down the river, and neither the cattle nor the camp would have known anything about them if it hadn't been for Pat.

When he got around on the side of the herd next to the buffalo he heard that ugly noise and he said afterward he thought "it was the ould divil himsilf and all his imps turned loose." He couldn't see anything of me, so he lit out to camp and woke up everybody and when they asked him what was the trouble he said, "Ax the saints. Don't ax me. Shure, I don't know if it's the divil, the Injuns or the end of the world coming." Someone asked him where I was. He said, "Whativer it is I am afraid it's got Jack. I couldn't see him and shure, he ain't in the camp and nothin' but a divil cud make sich a nise as thim bloody bastes wuz makin'."

There were about two hundred of the buffalo. I turned them and went back to the herd. In a few minutes here came the whole camp, even to the cook, all except Pat, all armed to the teeth and ready for war. When they learned what the trouble was some laughed and some cussed. One of the boys stayed with me until twelve. I went to camp and sent his partner out. When the boys got back to camp they found Pat rolled up as tight and still in his blanket as if he was dead.

Right there Patrick Cullen, Esq. graduated as a night herder and a unanimous vote of the outfit elected Pat to take up the very pleasant occupation of sleeping instead of night herding cattle. Pat was more than willing to do anything that was asked of him. He was polite,

pleasant, good-natured and not a fool by a long shot, fairly well educated, well read and had been a small county merchant in Iowa. He was just so everlastingly green that he seemed to be a fool.

I had six more nights on herd without a buddy. I sure did miss Pat; with him gone the greater part of my responsibility was gone. I now had only two thousand head of cattle to look after and I got lonesome. About the only anxiety we had on the remainder of our trip was to keep Pat out of the rear end of the herd in daytime so that the calves wouldn't eat his ears off his head.

The afternoon of the eleventh day we got to where Johnson decided was good enough location for a cattle ranch and far enough from civilization so he wouldn't be bothered with settlers for a long time. We had several six-yoke ox teams with two big wagons to the team, loaded with lumber and all building material necessary to build a good, comfortable ranch house, good enough for bachelors.

The next morning Johnson told Dick Hook and me to unload a big load of lumber and then saddle up and ride down the river and turn the cattle back. We had turned the cattle loose below camp and there was danger of them drifting too far down the river. Dick was my real buddy and had been for a long time. As soon as we had finished breakfast Pat got his horse and saddled up. Johnson asked him where he was going. Pat said he was going to ride around a little

and look out for a good ranch location for himself. He didn't have a sign of a six-shooter or carbine. Johnson told him he better not go out without being armed, that the Indians might get him, then he wouldn't need a ranch. He told him there was a good six-shooter Winchester carbine and plenty of cartridges, and he was welcome to use them. Pat said, "Shure, I don't want to load me horse down wid the bloody shootin' irons. I have no use for thim. I didn't come to this country to make war wid the Injuns and the Injuns ain't goin' to make war wid me."

Johnson told him that was very nice-sounding theory but it didn't work in a real Indian country,—a fact that Pat realized before he was much older. We all had something else to do other than arguing with Pat.

Dick and I unloaded the lumber, saddled our horses and rode down the river. We rode four or five miles, got below all the cattle and turned them back. I don't think anyone had noticed which way Pat went from camp. In fact, I had forgotten all about him and I think Dick had too.

We rode about two miles after turning the cattle back. There was an abandoned government mail and freight road and telegraph line. It was the old overland route that all the emigration to California, Oregon, Washington and Nevada had traveled in the days of 'Forty-nine. We stopped to turn back when Dick said "Let's ride to the top of that ridge. I come over this road fifteen years ago. I was then fourteen years old.

We had a hard fight with the Indians early one morning at a stage stand and road ranch, and I believe we can see it from the top of that ridge."

We rode to the top of the ridge and we saw the ruins of the stage stand and roadhouse and that wasn't all we saw. About four hundred yards from us there sat Pat on his horse and nine young buck Indians, Sioux warriors, riding around and around him in a circle, yelling "Ki-yi-ki-hi-hi-hi-ionee" and making more noise than a barrel of monkeys trying to eat hot chestnuts, and poor little Pat sat up as motionless and as stiff-looking as a statue of George Washington.

The Indians stopped riding and yelling when they saw us. Dick and I looked at each other and the Indians looked at both of us. Dick said "Isn't that a layout for you?"

I said "Yes, but we must save the old fool if we can. But I hardly know just how to go about it."

Dick said, "We can't whip them if they put up a fight, but maybe we can bluff them." He said "You ride back until you are out of sight of the Indians, then stop and wait until I motion for you to come. Then you come on the keen run and have your shooting irons ready if the bluff don't work. We may have to mix it with them the best we can, and when you get where the Indians can see you, take off your hat and motion like you was motioning for a crowd to come on and hurry. Then point toward the Indians and when you get to me

we will charge them just like we had a thousand men right behind us."

And that is the way we charged. As we rode, Dick said, "If they put up a fight and I am wounded so I can't ride, don't leave me alive, and I will do the same for you."

I guess the Indians thought we meant it and had plenty of men close behind us, for they went over on to the sides of their horses and lit out as fast as their horses could go, and all that could be seen of them was one leg from the knee down, hooked over the horse's back, and one arm and hand from the elbow hooked over the horse's neck.

We could outride them. We were riding two high-headed, half-breed horses that could move over the ground. We made those Indians believe that we were trying hard to catch them. There is where we had them fooled. We were praying to the Lord they wouldn't look back, and they didn't. When you get an Indian on the run you have got him whipped right then.

The North American Indian is not exactly the noble red man that some people believe him to be. They are like any other race of people, some are braver than others, some are more cruel than others, and a large per cent of them are yellow cowards. None of them will fight a white man a fair, open field fight if they can possibly avoid it. Where it is a case of life or death there is no man on earth who can sell out better and take more severe punishment without squealing than an Indian

can. But when it comes to voluntary bravery an Indian hasn't got it. He will dash around and make a bluster and pretense of bravery until he gets the dead drop on somebody; then he is the most cruel brute on earth.

We didn't fire a shot, didn't want to if we could make the bluff work without it. We rode back to Pat and there he sat just like he sat when we first saw him. He was speechless and just the color of a corpse. We shook him and tried to make him talk but it was no use. Dick held him on the horse and I led the horse and we took him to the river, a quarter of a mile. We bathed his hands and face and wet his head and rubbed him for half an hour before he could speak. Then he was like the boy that the calf knocked down and run over; he didn't know what to say. We had to lift him on to his horse and Dick held him on, and I led the horse for five or six miles before he could ride alone.

Pat didn't eat any dinner at all and only ate a cracker and drank a cup of tea for supper. He was up next morning as soon as it was light. The cook woke and wanted to get him some breakfast. He didn't want any; then the cook tried to get him to take some bread and meat with him but he was by the provisions like he was by the bloody shootin' irons—he didn't have any use for them.

No one saw him from the time he left Johnson's camp until he was found in a room in a hotel in Greeley that he had occupied before going down the river. Some one found his horse wandering about on the streets with

the saddle on. About that time a girl heard some one talking in a room in the hotel and raving like they were crazy. It proved to be Pat and he was sure enough crazy. He was in bed with all his clothes and boots on, had a high fever and didn't know himself from Adam, and talked all the time about Dick, Jack and the bloody Injuns. He stayed in bed under a doctor's care for three weeks. Pat never moved his cattle down the river to get away from the settlements, and he never had any use for Dick and me afterward, though neither of us ever teased him about the Indians or mentioned them to him.

XIV

BIG GAME

THE FIFTEENTH of September, 1879, found me and my two partners and thirteen hundred head of cattle located in the northern end of a little valley, lying to the east of Laramie Peaks. The valley was about three-fourths of a mile wide and four miles long, with a trout stream running through it and the most beautiful meadow of grass and wild flowers I ever had the pleasure of looking at. To the east the hills were low and rolling and grew lower until they reached the Laramie Plains, fifteen miles distant. To the west the hills grew higher to the main Laramie Peaks. These hills were covered with a beautiful growth of large yellow pine timber. The trees grew right to the edge of the valley with no undergrowth at all. They were not so thick as to prevent sufficient sunshine from reaching the earth to produce a luxuriant growth of grass, which made a paradise for game as well as cattle.

You may have been in countries where there was game; you may have read or heard someone tell of game country that was virgin. I doubt if you ever saw a country where in one hour's walk from camp you could see at any time of the day fifty to five hundred deer that didn't know what a man was nor what the

crack of a rifle meant. Many times I have walked within twenty or thirty steps of a large band of deer and they would not be frightened in the least. They would come towards me if I stopped, and walk around me until they got near enough to get the scent, or the wind blew from me to them. Then they would scamper away for a short distance. If I shot one the others would dodge when the gun cracked, then walk up and smell the dead one and look at me as much as to say, "Did you do that?"

Bears, mountain lions, wolves and coyotes were plentiful, but much harder to get sight of than the deer. If they didn't see or hear you before you say them, they would smell you and get out of sight. There were three kinds of bear, black bear, cinnamon, and silvertip.

That reminds me, I must tell you of a round-up I had with a big silvertip that weighed nine hundred and twenty pounds, hog-dressed (the inside taken out). One day after dinner, my partner, Dudley, said to me, "John, the cook says he is out of meat. Let's go and get some." He said I should keep in the timber and he would go up the valley. I could kill a deer and he would kill an antelope. There were plenty of antelope in the valley, but they are strictly a plains animal and never go into the timber.

I had gone about a half a mile when I shot a nice yearling deer. I walked on for about a quarter of a mile when I heard my partner shoot. He had gotten far up the valley ahead of me. I knew he had killed an

antelope and would go back to camp. I was standing beside an enormous pine tree, deliberating whether to cross the valley and meet my partner, or to go back to camp the way I had come, when I happened to look down the little dry valley, or draw, that I was in, and saw a big silvertip bear coming up toward me. He kept looking back. I knew by his actions that Dudley had scared him up. He looked as big as an ox and he was fat and sleek. It was getting into October, when they have on about all the fat that carries them through the winter, and his coat was perfect,—as black as a raven's wing, except where a black and tan dog is tan he was a beautiful bright silver.

When he got within about sixty yards of me I whistled. He stopped quick, with his head as high as he could get it. My rifle was a Sharp's forty caliber, with seventy grains of powder. I thought, "I will burst your head wide open." When the gun cracked the bear went over backwards and rolled into a little dry gully that had been washed out by hard rain. A tree top had broken off and fallen in there and had all the dry pine straw on it, and the way that bear made pine straw and other trash fly was something to look at. I knew he wouldn't keep that up long, and when he came out of the gully he came facing me. I don't think he realized where his trouble had come from, but he looked like he was anxious to find out. A wounded bear is always ready to put up a pretty ugly fight. I aimed at the center of his breast, thinking from the way he was

standing I could shoot through one lung and the heart and intestines, nearly the full length of him. When I fired he was coming straight for me and nothing between us but light atmosphere, and he didn't seem so badly hurt.

I fired, and then the first thing was to throw out the shell and put in a fresh cartridge. I was doing some quick thinking and acting just then, and in the hurry I threw down the lever that throws out the empty shells so hard that I threw the extractor past the rim of the shell, and there I was with an empty shell in my gun and no time to get it out. I knew that all I could do was to use my forty-five, which I never went without. Lucky for me there was a perpendicular ledge of rock seven or eight feet high, ten or twelve feet away to my right. My first thought was to keep the big tree between me and the bear and use my six-shooter and knife if I was obliged to. Then I thought the ledge looked the safest. I also remembered that it was only a few steps to the end of the ledge. While the bear was doing some running I did a little on my own account.

I got to one end of the ledge and got on top, and met the bear just opposite the big tree. He made a rush for me and tried to climb the ledge. I noticed he was pretty badly hurt by my second shot. The bloody foam was gushing out of his mouth and nose. His head and neck were above the top of the ledge and he was doing his best to climb up. He had his mouth wide open and I shoved my forty-five in it and pulled the trigger, think-

ing I would break his neck. But the ball went to one side of the neck bone. If I had pointed my pistol up instead of down I would have gotten him sure. The burn from the powder whipped him. He let out the most unearthly yell and struck out as fast as he could go, and I didn't shed any tears over his going.

He struck out over the ridge to the east. I got down, got me a small yellow willow, punched the empty shell out of my rifle, and went after my bear. I had no trouble to trail him by the blood and broken grass and weeds. I trailed him about three miles over one ridge after another until we came to a creek that emptied into the Little Laramie River. The bear went down the creek following an old elk trail. I knew I was getting pretty close to him. We hadn't gone more than a quarter of a mile down the creek when I heard a shot about a hundred yards ahead of me. I went on down and there lay my bear, and a United States soldier standing looking at him with a pistol in his hand. He said he had put the pistol almost against the bear's head and shot him through the brain. He said when he first saw the bear he was staggering along, apparently insensible and he didn't go over fifty feet until he fell down. There were two soldiers cutting and hauling saw logs to Fort Laramie, with a six-mule team. One of them had gone to the creek to get water when he had run into my bear.

About the first thing the soldiers wanted to know was what I was going to do with the bear, and said they would like to have some of the meat. I told them that

if I could manage it they could have all the meat. All I wanted was the hide. So we did some planning and when one of them told me he knew how to skin an animal and stretch the hide, I told them we would load the bear on top of the logs and they could skin him, and when the hide was dry they could bring it to the ranch. They had plenty of chains and ropes. We dragged the bear down to the wagon with a team of mules, laid a solid skidway of long, stiff poles, and chained them so they couldn't slip apart. Before loading him on we took his insides out and found that the shot I had fired through his breast passed through part of one lung and through the heart, an inch and a half from the point. The first shot had struck him between the eyes, but the ball being a sharp pointed one, with the way the bear was holding his head, it had glanced and followed along under the skin four or five inches and then passed out. With the use of chains and ropes and a good pair of mules we skidded the bear on to the load of logs quicker than you could tell about it.

When the commander at the fort saw the bear's hide, he wanted it and sent me a note and a twenty dollar gold piece, saying if I would rather have the gold piece to keep it; if not, to return it and he would send me the hide. I kept the twenty dollars.

I got to the ranch in time for supper. Dudley had killed an antelope all right and gone back to camp expecting to find me there. He had heard my shots and supposed I had made up my mind to kill enough meat

to last for a few days, or that I had flushed a covey of grouse into a tree and was killing some of them, as we often did. If you got close to a covey before they saw you, they would fly into the nearest tree and you could get the whole covey if you shot the lowest ones first and killed them dead so they wouldn't flutter and scare the others. As to a supply of fresh meat,—any quantity can be kept indefinitely without salt by hanging it twenty feet from the ground, in July or August. The flies don't go that high and the meat doesn't spoil in that atmosphere unless the flies get it.

First thing after breakfast next morning I went out to get my deer, not really expecting to find it. Sure enough, there was nothing left but a few pieces of bones, but plenty of black bear and coyote tracks. I lit out on to the range and did a day's riding with the boys. Our work at that time consisted of riding the range to see that the cattle did not drift too far back into the hills and get caught in a big early snow.

In a few days the cook was out of meat again, so I started out to get some. I had not gone more than half a mile when I walked around the point of a low ridge into a level place where there was a little water, and there stood two big fawns, half-grown deer they were, standing with their heads up facing each other so that their necks formed a cross about eight inches below their heads. I thought what a fine chance to get two deer with one shot. I drew a bead on the cross, and when the gun cracked the two fawns fell, and thirty or

forty yards beyond them ten or twelve deer jumped out of a patch of yellow willows. One of them was going around in a circle, but it didn't make many jumps until it fell. I rushed past the fawns to see what had happened. It had been standing facing me when I fired; the ball which went through the fawn's necks had entered the deer's breast low down, killing it almost instantly. It was a very large dry doe. It took two horses to pack the three deer to camp that I had killed with one shot!

Around the first of November we had to commence drifting the cattle down toward the Goeshen Hole country, a much lower country and a good winter range. That is the notorious Tea Pot Dome country. It didn't require but a few days to drift our cattle to where they were safe and the boys had all gone to Colorado, but the foreman and myself. It had gotten to the last days in November. It had been snowing up on the Laramie Peak range for several days when it began to snow in the valley. It snowed for twenty-four hours and cleared off late in the evening, the snow being twelve inches deep. The next morning the foreman got up a little after daylight, made the fires, and went to the door, the upper half of which was window panes, to look out. He yelled, "Come here, quick!"

I jumped up and looked out. There was one band of elk after another, following each other, with ten to fifty or sixty in a band. They were only a short distance apart. They were walking single file in a well-beaten trail not

over forty steps from our door. The foreman commenced counting as soon as he could. We took turns cooking, eating and counting. There is no telling how long they had been passing when the foreman saw them or how many had passed. We counted until one p. m. then quit. There were still quite a few going by. We had counted something over eleven thousand three hundred. They were going to the Goeshen Hole country to winter. The foreman shot two big fat calves that weighed about two hundred and fifty pounds each. We dragged them to the house, took their insides out and hung them up, and it wasn't much of a day for elk either. I doubt if you ever tasted any real good meat like those elk calves after they had hung up two or three weeks, and the longer they hung the better they got.

There were only a few deer traveling with the elk as only a few stay as late on the main range as the elk do. Deer are more sensitive to atmospheric conditions and changes than elk are, and they nearly always go down to the winter grazing grounds before the big snows drive them. In that case they go down in small bands and are not noticeable. Sometimes the weather remains warm on the higher mountains and fools the deer, and they will get caught in the first big snow. If they do they break trails and come down to the lower country as quick as possible. They don't park up in big herds and tramp the snow down and stay there till they nearly starve like the elk do sometimes. In fact, a big snow always drives the elk together in big bands.

They never make a start for the lower country until they are good and hungry. Then they all come at once. The reason so many passed our ranch was that the shape of the mountain ridges made the easiest natural route they could take to the Goeshen Hole country run through our valley. I have known a few instances of large bands of elk parking until the snow got so deep and hard that they couldn't get out and starved to death.

Elk are queer animals. They are not as smart as deer. One day early in September, Dudley and I were riding on the range when we went up into the hills to see what the cattle were doing. As we rode up a smooth valley of a small trout stream, we came on two big bull elk, six or seven years old. They had been fighting and had rushed at each other with such force and weight (they weighed around eight hundred pounds each), that one had forced the beams of his horns inside the others and sprung them apart so far that they were locked. How long they had been in that fix was hard to tell. They had a quarter of an acre of ground trampled and torn up so that it looked like a ploughed field. They were both down and as poor as snakes,—nothing but skin and bones and horns.

We got a couple of stout dry branches and pried and pulled their horns apart. One of them was in better condition than the other. We helped him to his feet and the first thing that elk did was to make a dive at Dudley to fight him. His legs gave way and down he went. We got him into a natural position and carried

him water. We both had Stetson hats and they made good buckets. We gave him as much water as we thought he ought to have, and pulled a good armful of grass for him. Then we tried to get the other one on his feet, but it wouldn't work. He was too weak. We had a time to get him watered and fed. He was too weak to lie in a natural position. We got him up with his legs under him and I held him while Dudley watered and fed him.

We went back next day and found our patients on the mend. One was able to get on his feet with very little help, but he wanted to fight just as quick as he was up. The other we got up with plenty of hard lifting. He couldn't stand up long but he could lie naturally so he could eat and drink. We watered and fed him good. They were only a few feet from the stream, so we made the other elk go to water himself. After he got all he wanted he walked across the stream and went to grazing. We went back again the next day. The strong one was gone, the other was grazing. We went away and left him, and that was the last we ever saw of our two patients.

Speaking of elk getting locked reminds me of the time I was crossing a good-sized ridge in the lower foothills of the Laramie Peaks. After I passed the crest, the going-down was quite steep, so much so that I dismounted and was leading my horse when a band of ten or twelve elk cows with big calves jumped out of a little thicket of quakenasp bushes, almost under my feet.

They started down the mountain like they were shot out of a cannon. One of the calves jumped so that instead of lighting on the ground, its neck, just back of the ears, was wedged between two trees, about six inches in diameter, that had grown against each other for four or five feet above the ground and then leaned apart like the natural fork of a tree. Its hind feet were on the ground, while its front feet were two or more feet off. I tried to lift it out but it was too heavy and wedged in there too tight, so I had to cut its head off and snake it down the mountain. I cut off the hind quarters and took them to camp. I got there just in time for supper.

XV

GENERAL JOE WHEELER AND A YANKEE CHILD

In the summer of 1864 an expedition of two thousand cavalry, two regiments of infantry and twelve pieces of artillery left Vicksburg, Mississippi, to make a raid into the interior of the state. It was early in July and the weather was fearfully hot. After several days marching and several skirmishes with the enemy we were well out into the interior of the state. A squad of six men in charge of a second lieutenant were sent out to learn what we could in regard to Joe Wheeler's cavalry which was reported in considerable force and watching every move we were making.

The first day out we split up into twos and were to meet that night, or the next morning, at a certain bridge not far outside of our picket lines. My bunkie George and I were scouting together. About the middle of the afternoon we spotted a cavalry command but we could not get a count on them without danger of exposing ourselves. So we followed and shadowed them until they went into camp.

A little before they went into camp we saw three Johnnies sitting on their horses talking to a negro who was standing in his cabin door. In about two minutes

two more rode up and talked about a minute or two and the five rode off together. As soon as they were out of sight we rode to the cabin and asked the darky if they had said anything about where they were going to camp. He said when the two rode up one of the three asked if they knew where the camp was going to be. They said, "Yes," naming a certain piece of woods.

From the time we rode up the darky had stared at us like his eyes would pop out of his head. He said, "Looky heah. I doan know what kine of sojers you all is. You all doan look lak dem sojers what jis lef heah. Is you all Yankees? Dem sojers whut jis lef heah say dey is lookin' fer Yankees. Dey says dey hearn tell about two but dey didn't see 'em."

Maybe you think we weren't busy dodging scouting parties and keeping track of the main command between the cabin and the big woods. About a quarter of a mile from the cabin was a thick cane brake that grew along a small creek. A road passed by the cabin and through the cane brake and into the woods. When the five reb cavalry men rode away from the cabin they followed that road and we followed it, too. When we got to the cane brake we rode above the road to where the cane was thin enough so we could get our horses in far enough to hide them good. Then we went on foot across the creek and into the woods.

By the time we got within a few hundred yards of the far side of the woods we could hear the Johnnies going into camp. We crawled up as near as we dared

and hid in the leafy top of a big red oak tree that had blown down. We were close enough to tally the roll call. There were one hundred and sixty-two men, a big scouting party, and when they began to detail pickets you ought to have seen us two Yanks making our get-away and going for our horses. By the time we got to where we thought we had left our horses it was dark, and to save our lives we couldn't find them. We hunted for them until we heard the officer of the guard posting the pickets. One was posted on the opposite side of the cane from where we were looking for the horses, not more than fifty yards from us. About that time two boys began to wonder what they were to do. We had made up our minds that somebody had got our horses and we were afoot. We slipped away without attracting the attention of the vidette and felt ourselves lucky.

We went to the cabin and told the darky what had happened. He didn't think anyone had found our horses, and that he could find them, but we would have to slip around mighty easy. His idea was that we go with him and if he found the horses we would wait until he could get away. Then we could get on our horses and make a run for it. We told him we didn't like that plan at all; that if he was caught prowling around their picket lines with two Yankees he wouldn't last until he was all gone—when the Johnnies had done shooting him his hide wouldn't hold corn shucks; but if they found him down there alone he could be possum hunting, and the best thing he could do was to take

his two hounds and go down the road until he came to the cane, then go up the creek talking to the dogs, urging them to hunt while he hunted for the horses. If he found them he could bring them out to the edge of the cane where we could see them and then come on to the cabin. Then we would ride off, and if the pickets challenged we would go on, and if they followed we would give them a run for their money, but steer clear of the cabin. If they didn't follow us we would come to the cabin and feed our horses and get something to eat ourselves.

This darky was overseer for a big plantation where there were no white men. They were all in the army except what had been killed or captured. This man lived quite a distance from the white folks' house and the negro quarters. He found the horses—we had been all around them. He was afraid to move them but told us to go to the only big persimmon tree in the old field at the edge of the cane. Then go straight to the cane, then step one hundred and forty-five steps along the edge of the cane; then step twenty steps to the right through the thin cane and we would be right at the horses, but not to make any noise, for the picket was so close he could hear him moving about.

We went to the horses all right. The ground was very soft from recent rains and we got away with very little noise, but the picket heard us and challenged, "Halt! who goes there?" We weren't foolish enough to tell him but kept on at the same slow gait, and we

heard no more of him. He thought it was stock of some kind. I will bet he never dreamed of it being Yankees.

We rode to the cabin, fed our horses and had a good supper of corn pone, boiled hog's head, turnips and baked sweet potatoes, and butter milk. This man was like all other darkies,—ready to do anything he could for a Yankee soldier. We got him to take a message to the lieutenant telling him what we had done, that we were going to put in the next day trying to locate the main cavalry command, and if we didn't get captured or killed we would meet them the next evening or night at any place he would name. We told the darky he would have to ride, as it was at least fifteen miles to where he would find the lieutenant and he would have to be back before daylight. He said it didn't make any difference about getting back. Some of the niggers had run off a few days ago "to go to de Yankees an' I dun tole de ole missus I'se gwine to try to fine dem niggers an' brung dem home till de craps am all tuk keer of, den dey all can go to de Yankees. I'se gwine stay heah fur a while. I was dun bin boan an' raise right heah an' dese white folks dun bin powful good to me."

We told him we wanted to sleep in that neighborhood that night and we wanted some hay or corn fodder for our horses. He said, "Jus' you wait." He saddled up a mule and said, "Come on." He took us about a mile to an old building that had been used for a gin house, or storage house for cotton. He had it half full of hay, corn tops and blades. He told us to

feed our horses and crawl in the hay and sleep—that he was "gwine to fine dem sojers." He sure could ride. He had a mule that could slide over the ground in a running walk just like a lizard. He had plenty of time to get back as the cavalry wouldn't pull out before seven or eight o'clock. The object in sending the negro with the message was to save our own horses.

The darky got back about seven-thirty, with a message from the lieutenant telling us where we could meet him late that evening or early next morning. He had given us up for captured. In the message we sent we told him about hiding in the old tree top and tallying the roll call. The darky said the lieutenant said, "I'll be damned. If they don't get captured it will be a wonder."

We followed the rebs until about eleven o'clock when they joined the main command, and we got a good view of the entire command. We couldn't get an exact count as they were not marching in regular file of twos or fours, but marching at will. There were at least two thousand five hundred cavalry and two six-gun batteries of field artillery. We didn't care a snap for them seeing us as long as we were far enough away from them so they couldn't distinguish the color of our uniform. Our great trouble was dodging scouting parties. That kept us about as busy as a stubtoed hen scratching for one chicken. With two very narrow escapes from being captured we got to the appointed meeting place and found the boys there all right but

as mad as hornets because we had had all the good luck, and the more we talked the madder they got. They had ridden two days and hadn't seen a Johnny, and we had been among them up to our eyebrows. The lieutenant said, "Well, you fellows had all the luck, but we will have a good report to take to headquarters if we ever get there."

The boys were camped by the side of a big field of late corn that was just good roasting ears. George and I had noticed a field of sweet potatoes nearby. I suggested to the boys that we have a feast for breakfast. I explained, and the lieutenant despatched a man to the nearest house to borrow a shovel and others went after roasting ears and sweet potatoes. We dug out a hole in the ground like we were going to make a small duck pond. We built a big fire of good, dry oak wood in this hole and when it burned down to a bed of coals and hot ashes we scraped out about half the coals and ashes and threw in a lot of roasting ears with the shucks all on, and a lot of sweet potatoes. We put the sweet potatoes in the shucks and tied the end of the shuck together with a piece of green shuck and put the balance of the coals and hot ashes on top and about midnight built some more fire on top. In the morning the smell of them would make a millionaire think that he never had anything good to eat in his life. We had salt and made plenty of coffee and you ought to have seen us Yanks eat.

But you never can tell what is going to happen.

When we were about half through our feast here came three Johnnies riding down the road, one of them waving a white handkerchief. The lieutenant said, "I guess those fellows want to surrender while the surrendering is good." It was no uncommon thing for men to desert the Confederate army and come into our lines, especially Union men who had been conscripted into the rebel army.

These three men rode up and said they wanted to surrender. The lieutenant told them to get down and showed them where to lay their carbines, pistols and cartridge boxes. They threw them all into a pile as though they were glad to get rid of them, and one of them said, "We are done using them things in the service of the Southern Confederacy."

They told us a very plausible story about what good Union men they were, and how they had been conscripted and this was the first chance they had ever had to desert, as their officers were suspicious of them and never put them on duty where they would have a chance to get away. We asked them to have some breakfast. They said they had been to breakfast. They asked if that was sure enough coffee we were drinking. When told it was they asked for a cup, as that was something they didn't get in the Confederate army. They seemed such nice young men that I think we all felt proud to know they had surrendered to us. I know I did. But we had another think coming to us, for just then twenty cavalry men dashed out of the timber not more than a

hundred yards from us with their carbines leveled at us, ordering us to surrender. We naturally made a move to grab our guns when a very smooth, oily voice right in our own crowd said, "Don't pick up a gun, boys. We can get three of you sure."

We looked up and there stood three as soldierly looking chaps as you ever saw, and we Yanks were looking into the muzzles of three English cavalry revolvers.

By this time the twenty were all around us and all we had to do was to surrender, and we felt about as cheap as seven Yankees could feel. We had been completely out-generaled by the Johnnies. The three who had ridden up under a flag of truce and surrendered and thrown down their arms so freely had these other revolvers hidden in their clothing. They came in and surrendered in order to entertain us while the twenty would ride right on to us and capture us without a fight. Instead of going to headquarters with a fine report of what we had learned, we were going in the opposite direction, prisoners of war, bound for Joe Wheeler's headquarters. That night we camped a mile from Wheeler's headquarters, and the next morning about nine o'clock an officer told us he had orders from General Wheeler to parole us.

I didn't say anything, but I knew they weren't going to parole me. The boys were called one at a time and signed a parole and a copy. The officer kept one and gave the other to the man who signed it. I was the last

one called. I told the officer he needn't fill out anything for me to sign, for I was not going to sign. He argued and the boys persuaded. I told them no and stuck to it. Finally the officer said, "I will have to send you to General Wheeler's headquarters." So I was taken to pay my respects to the general. I have often heard it said that great minds run in the same channels but that is not always the case, for the general and I didn't agree at all as to what disposition should be made of me. The general spoke to some one and said, "Fill out this young man a parole; he will sign it." I said, "No, I will not sign it."

The general turned and looked at me and spoke as fierce as he knew how. As thickheaded as I was, I could see that all that fierceness was assumed. He said, "What is the matter with you, young man, that you won't accept a parole?"

I said, "General, I didn't enlist to lie around some parole camp."

He said, "I can't afford to send one prisoner to a prison. I don't know what to do with you, only to take you out to a tree and hang you."

I said, "General, that won't take long, and it's a sure thing I am not going to a parole camp, and I would just as soon be hung as go to one of your prison stockades. I have been in two of them. I know all about it."

I could see the side of his face and I knew there was no more danger of Joe Wheeler hanging me than there

was of him wearing me for a watch charm. He said, "Do you expect me to turn you loose?"

I said, "No. But I might get a chance to knock a guard in the head and get away."

The general looked at me and laughed and said, "Children don't do such desperate things as that."

Right then I was one mad Yankee. I could have fought Joe Wheeler to a bare-handed finish and enjoyed it, even if I had been the under dog in the fight. I said, "General, I might get away without knocking a guard in the head. I have done such things."

He said, "There isn't much danger of your getting away from my soldiers."

I said, "You have some very bright soldiers. I have had that fact forcibly demonstrated to me quite recently and I may not be quite as much a child as you insinuate." And I thought, "If I get half a chance I will prove it." I told him all about crawling close enough to count the roll call of one of his big scouting parties. I told him how many men there were and the major's name in command. He looked at me kind of funny and said, "Young man, I am obliged to believe what you say."

He told an officer to put me under guard somewhere until he got time to hang me, as that was a job he wanted the pleasure of doing himself. The officer put me in an old tent set up with the back right at the edge of a thick woods and put a guard in front of the tent. That was about eleven A.M. That fool guard didn't do a thing but tie up the front of the tent so I

couldn't walk out. About twelve o'clock he made a little fire a short distance from the tent and went to cooking himself a little bite of dinner. I could pull the front of the tent open between the strings and put my face to the opening and talk to the guard. He was quite busy cooking his dinner and stepping around the fire trying to keep the smoke out of his eyes. Then I would step to the back of the tent and pull a tent pin out of the ground, jump back to the front, put my face to the opening and talk to the guard, then jump back to the rear and pull another tent pin, then to the front and talk to the guard until I got all the pins pulled out of the back of the tent. Presently the guard sat down to eat his dinner. He never said, "Yank, won't you have a bite, or will I bring you some dinner later?"

I said to myself, "I'll be dad jimed if I am going to hang around just to get to associate with a man who hasn't any more politeness or hospitality about him than that fellow has." So while he was busy eating I stepped to the back of the tent and lay flat on the ground and rolled out under the tent right into the woods. That was another case of Brer Rabbit and the briar patch. I just kicked up my heels at Joe Wheeler's whole army. I was at home in the woods. My anxiety now was getting through the picket line. On account of dodging around and going out of my way and hiding from squads of cavalry I only made about fifteen miles that afternoon. I felt awfully lonesome without a gun. Between sunset and dark I was in sight of a very

prosperous looking plantation and I decided that walking wasn't just the exercise I needed for my health. But my Yankee conscience wouldn't allow me to think of taking anybody's horse or mule in that country without first asking permission of the owner. An old black mammy had given me a good supper at another plantation and prayed for me, and all the rest of the Yankees, while I was eating.

About ten o'clock, when everything had been quiet for an hour, I slipped up to the stables just out of curiosity to see what they had, and by the bright moonlight I could see in a box stall through a big hole where a piece of board was broken off what looked to me like a nice, fat, sleek, trim-built mule. While I was looking through the hole he came up real close and stuck one ear to one side and looked at me as much as to say, "Mr. Yank, you can't get me 'cause this stall is locked, and if you could get me you couldn't ride me 'cause I am a Confederate mule and I would throw you off and break your Yankee neck." That look made me pretty mad and I wasn't in a good humor anyway from General Wheeler calling me a child. I was so mad at that mule that I went looking farther around the stable to find a saddle and bridle and something to open the door of the stall. I didn't want the mule, but I was going to show him which one of the Yankees he had been acting so bigity with. I found a feed or cutting room that wasn't locked. They didn't know there was any Yankees loose and afoot in that part of the state. There hung a

good-looking saddle and bridle. It wasn't the kind of saddle I had been used to, but there are times when it doesn't pay to be too particular.

I found a plow point and a good-sized monkey wrench where someone had been fixing a plow. The staples on the door to that box stall lasted pretty quick. I put the bridle and saddle on that mule and he didn't seem to dislike it at all. I guess he was laughing to himself about how he was going to mop up the earth with that Yankee the first good place he found. He jogged along looking for a good place until nearly daylight when someone called out, "Halt! who goes there?" It was a Yankee vidette picket. I told him mighty quick who I was and what my business was. He happened to be one of my regiment, and knew me and let me pass without holding me there until the officer of the guard could be got. I got in twenty-four hours ahead of the boys with their paroles. They were delayed nearly two hours by the reb vidette picket. He couldn't read a word and had to keep them under guard until the officer of the guard came around with the relief. They were stopped several times by scouting parties who had to examine and discuss their paroles, while I didn't allow myself to associate with any such people as reb scouting parties.

This story has a sequel. In the year 1901 I went from Dillsboro, North Carolina, to Atlanta, Georgia, an invited guest to a Confederate reunion. One evening there was quite a crowd sitting in the hotel lobby, mostly

old Johnnies. There was more or less yarn spinning going on,—what the boys on the Western frontier called swapping lies, as is usually the case when a lot of old chaps get together, and especially a lot of old soldiers.

Someone asked me if I saw Joe Wheeler, who led the parade. It was seldom anyone would say General Joe Wheeler—it was plain Joe Wheeler, and especially among old soldiers of either side. The Yankee soldier respected Joe Wheeler and Joe Johnston because they were men and soldiers. I said, "Yes, I saw him but he didn't look much like he did the first time I saw him. I wasn't an invited but a compulsory guest of the Confederate army the first time I saw Joe Wheeler."

The crowd wanted me to tell it. One fine looking old gentleman moved his chair and sat down close to me and put his hand on my knee and said, "Comrade, tell that story. I am personally interested."

I told the story of our capture and my personal interview with General Wheeler. It created quite a laugh. The old gentleman who had insisted on my telling the story jumped out of his chair and grabbed me by the right hand and took hold of my shoulder. I thought he would shake me loose from my arm and twist my shoulder out of joint. He turned to the crowd and said, "Gentlemen, I was a captain and one of General Wheeler's staff of officers and was present at the meeting of this Yankee and General Wheeler, and he has told it just like it happened."

He said after the guard took me away the general

laughed and said, "That is the sauciest Yankee I have ever met. He don't scare worth a cent, and he is only a boy—can't be more than seventeen or eighteen."

The gentleman asked me not to leave the hotel tomorrow evening as he wanted to bring the general to see me. He might not remember the incident, but the captain wanted the general to hear me tell it and he thought he would remember it as I was often spoken of as that "saucy Yankee boy."

The next evening the captain and General Wheeler were at the hotel very soon after supper. We met in the hotel lobby. I stepped up and offered the general my hand, saying, "General, we don't need any introduction. I was your guest once. You may not remember the incident."

He said, "Yes, the captain made me remember it, and I have had more good hearty laughs over our conversation and the way you made your escape and how quick you did it."

He asked, "How did you manage to get through the picket lines?"

I said, "Just like I got out of the tent when the other fellow wasn't looking."

I asked him what he thought about Yankee children by this time. I also told him how I felt when he called me a child. I had to tell the general about how I entertained the guard by sticking my face out at the front of the tent and talking to him, then jumping to the back of the tent and pulling a tent pin, and how I rolled

out under the tent when the guard got busy eating his dinner, and what I thought of his hospitality. The general laughed heartily, then started telling the crowd about my nerve. I stopped him and told the crowd the general was mistaken—it was not bravery or nerve; I was a judge of human nature, and I knew there was no more danger of Joe Wheeler hanging me than there was of his eating me without salt or pepper.

It was a big hotel. The lobby, the hall, the porches were crowded. They laughed and yelled like somebody had said something funny. After that night there was nothing too good for me in Atlanta.

Every one who came in personal contact with Joe Wheeler liked him because he was a real man—even children recognized it.

XVI

THE KILLING OF BOB FORD

THE BEGINNING of my personal acquaintance with Bob Ford was during the winter of 1892-3. Bob Ford, John O. Kelley and I, like thousands of others, were waiting for spring to take the snow off so we could get to Creede, a booming silver camp that was discovered the fall before by an old prospector of that name. I saw one bunch or mass of wire silver at Creede that weighed over fifteen hundred pounds. Ford and Kelley were living in Pueblo, occupying the same room. We were obliged to double up in order to make room for everybody. Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo were packed full of men waiting for spring. My headquarters were in Denver though I spent the greater part of my time in Pueblo and always bunked with Kelley. He and Ford didn't room together on account of any particular friendship. They were of an entirely different class of men. Kelley was a gun man or, as we called them in the West, six-shooter man. But he was of that class of gun men who made it their business to wage war on the outlaw element and to make it possible for decent people to live and do business in boom mining camps and on the frontier.

Naturally I got quite well acquainted with Ford as

he was very talkative and loved to talk about himself. After he had killed Jesse James and after Barnum had exhibited him around the country, he had got the idea into his head that he was the most important man on earth. This was only a short time after Barnum had dropped him and the swelling in his head had not had time to go down. Every few weeks he would get on a big drunk. Then he would let off steam and play bad man around the saloons, dance halls and gambling dens as far as he dared go. Bob had a terrible running off of the mouth, but drunk or sober he generally knew where to hedge in on his bad man plays. But he finally made the mistake that all his class made in the West—to die with their boots on.

Along towards spring he got on one of his periodical drunks and let a woman friend of the underworld have a four hundred dollar diamond ring. Kelley and I were in bed and about daylight some of Bob's friends brought him in limber drunk. About two o'clock in the afternoon he woke up and missed his ring and told the janitor, a big yellow fellow, that he knew Kelley had stolen it while he was asleep. The janitor told Bob that Mr. Kelley wasn't that kind of a man and that he would be afraid to say such things about him. Bob hooted at the idea of being afraid of John Kelley or any one else.

Just then Kelley came in and that is where Bob misjudged his man. He charged Kelley with stealing his ring. He didn't get the words all spoken until Kelley's

forty-five was out. The janitor threw his arms around Kelley from behind and jerked his right arm down and the darky's big toe was shot off.

I had just got to the entrance of the building on my way to the room when I heard the shot. A policeman was passing and we both rushed upstairs and found the janitor hanging on to Kelley's sixshooter. Ford was sitting on the side of his bed looking as though he fully realized that he had waked up the wrong passenger. The officer asked Kelley to drop the matter. Kelley said as long as Ford kept his, Kelley's, name out of his mouth and attended strictly to his own business he would not bother him; that his killing Jesse James and traveling with Barnum's show didn't give him any license to call him a thief. Kelley paid the janitor's doctor bill. Ford moved out of the block.

I only saw Bob occasionally after that until we all got to Creede the next May. He had money enough to open up a big saloon, dance hall, gambling house and tough dive in general. Kelley was marshal at Batchelor up on the mountain, three miles from Creede.

One night late in July Bob got on one of his periodicals and was going the rounds of the saloons, dance halls, gambling dens, shooting out lights and shooting around people's feet and making them dance and shooting glasses off the bar when men would be pouring liquor into them, and shooting beer mugs out of waiters' hands when they would be serving at the beer tables. Some men were afraid of Bob Ford because he was the

man that killed Jesse James. There were men in the West that could have taken a rawhide and whipped Bob Ford out of the county and not get hurt. They were men who wouldn't shoot a fellow in the back either. During the night Bob repeatedly said he was going to kill John Kelley on sight. A friend of Kelley's went up to Batchelor next morning and told Kelley what Bob had said. Kelley said, "I won't give the dirty cur a chance to shoot me in the back like he did his cousin, Jesse James."

Kelley got a ten gauge muzzle-loading shot gun and cut a bar of lead into short pieces and loaded good and heavy. Right after dinner he and the friend who told him what Ford had said about killing him came down to Creede looking for Ford. I had gone to a blacksmith shop that stood in front of Ford's place. There was just room for big wagons to drive between Ford's front door and the side door of the shop. My bill for horse-shoeing was six dollars and I had a twenty dollar bill, and the smith couldn't change it. My oldest son, a tall, athletic boy fourteen years old, was with me. I sent him into Ford's to get the bill changed. There were four or five steps at Ford's door. The bar, fifty or sixty feet long, was to the left of the door, running back the long way of the building. Bob was standing at the farther end of the counter from the door with his thumbs stuck in the arm holes of his vest, talking with two miners who were sitting at a table on the opposite side of the room drinking beer. Bob had given some

money toward helping some women of the underworld whose house and everything in it had burned. One of the miners had complimented Bob on his charity. Bob said, "Charity covers a multitude of sins."

Just as he spoke the words my son stepped in at the front door and Kelley and his friend bounced up the steps behind him. Kelley touched the boy on the left side of his neck with the muzzle of the gun, saying, "Step aside, Albert. Look out, Bob," and bang went the gun, both barrels. I was standing in the side door of the shop listening to something the smith was saying. I didn't notice Kelley and his friend until they were going up the steps. The instant I saw them I knew somebody was going to be killed and that mighty quick. I sprang out the shop door with the intention of stopping Kelley, which I would have done if his friend hadn't prevented me.

When the gun cracked I jumped past them and got to Bob before the blood began to flow from the wound. Bob was standing with his right side toward Kelley. The jaw and neck bones were stripped clean and not a bone broken. My boy got to Bob at the same time I did. He and I picked him up and laid him on a long table. The two Cornish miners, Cousin Jacks as we called them, turned somersaults over each other getting out the back door. Kelley and his friend walked away. They didn't go far until they met Dick Plunket, Deputy United States Marshal. Dick asked them what was go-

ing on at Ford's. Kelley said, "Go on down and you will see."

They waited for Dick to come back. He placed them under arrest, but they were never locked up. The nearest court was across the mountains in another county, so we all had to go over there to court. The judge was a man who did not know the ways and feelings of the frontier. He thought if a man killed another he must be punished regardless of circumstances, so he gave Kelley a twenty years' sentence, which Kelley never served. There was a petition with over seven thousand names in the governor's hands before the case was tried. The governor immediately sent a pardon and wrote the judge that he should have given Kelley a medal instead of a sentence.

XVII

HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO BE A MAN

Nothing of special interest happened around the ranch until July, when several of my partner Terry's college classmates wrote him that they wanted to go on a big game hunt in the Big Horn country, and wanted him to get me to buy them the necessary number of suitable horses; also the necessary men—guides, packers and cooks.

They planned to start early in September. Good, reliable gun-broke horses and pack horses that could be bought were not so easily found. However, I finally got them, and made arrangements with my friend Ed Rankin of Rawlins Springs, who was a noted scout and frontiersman, to engage the men. He knew all of that class of the frontier.

Some of my partner's college friends thought they knew me by reputation. They wrote to Terry that one of the bunch that was going on the hunt needed a little breaking in, and said they would like to send him out a few weeks in advance so that he could be at the ranch with me and the boys for a few days, then make the trip with me from the ranch to Rawlins Springs with the horses. Terry advised them to have the man (Evans was his name) get off the Union Pacific train at Cheyenne

and go by stage to a stage station post office and cattle ranch, a hundred and fifty miles from Cheyenne, where our foreman would meet him and bring him to the ranch, sixteen miles away.

The foreman delivered him according to the agreement. He took me to one side and said, "Well, you have him, but what on earth you can do with him is more than I can see. He fell off his horse five or six times, and it was no easy job to get him back." He was twenty-eight years old, six feet two inches tall, straight as an Indian, well-built, weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds, had black hair, black moustache and black eyes. He had nice features and a fine complexion,—rather a handsome fellow. His trouble was that his mother was a wealthy widow and had brought him up all his life to do nothing but be mamma's pet. And he was it all right.

The foreman had met him at the stage and brought him to his house. There he was told to make himself at home and after dinner they would get started. It was then eleven o'clock. When dinner was ready, the foreman couldn't find his man. After looking around the ranch buildings, he went to the stage barn which was some distance from the ranch house. A short way from the barn was a small stream with a very thick growth of yellow willows along its banks. He heard a noise down in the willows and went to see what it was, and there was Evans, stripped to his waist, bareheaded and looking like he had been run through a sausage mill. He would get about ten feet from the willows, throw down

his head and charge into them just like a buck sheep charging battle. The willows are from the size of a lead pencil to the size of a man's thumb. Most of them are dry and very brittle, so you can imagine what that fellow looked like. The foreman said that his first thought was that the fellow was wild crazy. He pulled his six-shooter and walked up to him. He saw he was not crazy, and asked him what on earth he was trying to do.

Evans said, "Don't be angry. I am going into a wild country on a hunt for big game and I am just trying to toughen myself a little."

The foreman told him to get down into the water and wash the blood off, and get his clothes on and not be long about it. He got him to the ranch and rubbed his shoulders, face and head with arnica, put court plaster on the worst cuts. He said he never wanted to get rid of anything so much in his life, and he wouldn't start to Rawlins Springs with that fellow for the best herd of cattle in Wyoming.

We were going to stay at the ranch for about three weeks and in the meantime the boys were having more fun than a box of monkeys giving Evans riding lessons. The poor fellow had never been on a horse until the foreman had started with him to our ranch. I thought he would have learned all right if the boy didn't get his neck broken before we got to Rawlins Springs.

Time was up and we were on the trail. Most of the way there was no trail. We got to Rock Springs at one o'clock. This was a section house and little store on the

Union Pacific, where we got lunch and took enough with us for supper and breakfast. Evans was getting on all right and hadn't fallen off his horse yet. We made a big drive that afternoon and got on all right until time to camp.

We were travelling through a beautiful, rolling plains country, as wild as nature could make it,—not even range cattle to be seen. A little before sunset we came to a wonderful camping place. I stopped and roped a couple of fresh horses, when Evans wanted to know what we were going to do. I told him we were going to camp.

"Spend the night in this place?" he asked.

I asked him what better he wanted. Oh, he couldn't possibly do it. He must have a room and a bed and not be out of doors exposed to the wild animals. He actually cried like a small child. He prayed and begged me to go somewhere else. I tried to make him understand that there was no place to go. To say that I was disgusted doesn't express it. He kept on till he got me worried and a little mad. I had unsaddled his horse and he was sitting on the ground near the saddle. I walked up and took him by the neck and shook him pretty rough. I told him that if he didn't shut up I would go to the creek and get a plum bush and wear him out,—something his mother should have done years ago. I guess he thought I meant it. I made him eat, and he crouched down by his saddle and sobbed like a disappointed woman.

I had been lying down probably half an hour when a band of coyotes set up a terrible howl not more than two hundred yards away from us. Such leaps were never made before or since as that fellow made, until he got over on the ground beside me and put his arm over me. That melted me. I talked to him like a mother and explained that those coyotes were as harmless as so many jack rabbits, and how all wild animals were afraid of the smell of a man. Then I got up and fixed his saddle so that when he laid his head on it, the top of his head was almost touching mine. He was still sobbing when I went to sleep. He was asleep the next morning when I got up at daybreak.

We got to a cattle ranch for a good dinner, and that night we camped at Fort Halleck, an old deserted fort. My friend was all right that day and night. I treated him to a surprise that night and the next morning. I had brought plenty of bread, good bread, and some salt from the ranch where we ate dinner. I showed Evans how people could live if they knew how. That evening I killed a young antelope, skinned the hind quarters and broiled over the coals antelope steaks which we ate until I thought we would both be foundered. Then I got a piece of scrap iron and dug a hole in the ground about fourteen inches deep and made a good fire in it. When the ground was red hot I threw out the coals and hot ashes to three or four inches of the bottom. I had taken the hide of the antelope and wrapped the other hind quarters up good. I laid it in the hole and covered it

with the coals and ashes. Then I put some dirt on top, laid a good fire on top of that, and went to bed. I got up about midnight and put more wood on the fire.

I wish you could have eaten breakfast with us. You would have felt like putting in the balance of your days killing antelope and cooking them in a hole in the ground. Evans said he thought he had eaten some good things, but he never had tasted anything half so good as that antelope.

The next day at eleven o'clock in the morning we got to Fort Fred Steele, where the Union Pacific crosses the North Platte River. When we got to the river I left Evans with the horses while I went to the fort to get something to eat. While I was in the store getting my stuff, the colonel, commanding the fort, came in and asked me where I was going. I told him Rawlins. He said he could not let me go, that I would have to wait until morning. He was going to Fort Washikee the next morning with a cavalry escort and I could go as far as Rawlins with him. By this time we were out in front of the store. I asked him why he objected to my going. He pointed to a hill in sight, and said a big band of Indians ran on to that hill yesterday and killed two soldiers that were herding, and ran off fifty head of cavalry horses. One company of cavalry was out after them now. I told him I was under contract to be at Rawlins that night or early next morning with the horses. Finally the colonel said, "I believe you are a good frontiersman and know how to take care of yourself, and I'll let you go."

I went back across the river. We ate lunch and hit the old government freight road. It ran alongside the railroad all the way to Rawlins. I kept my eyes on every knoll and ridge looking for Indians. When we were out about ten miles I saw fifteen of them ride on to a ridge in full view. I hadn't said anything to Evans about what the colonel had told me. I thought best not to tell him until we got to Rawlins. We were traveling due west, and the Indians were about three-fourths of a mile away and due northeast from us. Evans was riding to my left and a little ahead of me. I called his attention and pointed to the Indians.

He said, "Ah, cowboys, I suppose."

I said, "No, we call them Indians in this country."

He said, "You don't tell me."

I said, "Yes, and we have got something to do now. Get those guns where you can use them."

I expected if he had tried to use them he would have shot both himself and his horse. He had a good Winchester and a six-shooter and plenty of cartridges.

"Watch me and do as I tell you." I got down my lariat and began to swing it, for if anything will make a bunch of old saddle horses quit the country it is to swing a rope behind them. I got the horses going in good shape and turned my attention to the Indians. They were gaining on us but kept off to the right. What they wanted was to turn us off to the left and run us into the foothills of the Elk Mountains, only about five miles distant. They knew that if they could run us into the

foothills they could get the horses sure, if they didn't get us. And the horses were what they wanted.

When I turned to Evans he was gone. There I was with twenty-nine loose horses, all alone. All I could see of Evans was a fog of dust away down the road toward Rawlins Springs. He was riding a black half-breed Kentucky that could run like the wind, and he was sure speeding him.

By this time the Indians were something like half a mile from me. I knew I had killed antelope half a mile away, so I thought I would let those fellows know I had a long range rifle. Perhaps that would have some effect. I was riding the best gun-broke horse I ever saw. I jumped down and threw my gun across the saddle. That horse didn't breathe until the gun cracked. The Indians checked up a little and then came on, but still kept off to my right, riding parallel to the way I was going. They were still considerably behind me, but I knew it was only a matter of time until they could turn me into the foothills. I couldn't drive that bunch of loose horses as fast as men could ride. So I stopped and gave them another shot. That time I brought down a horse. I don't know if the Indian was hurt or not. They fired several shots. One went through my chaps and pants' leg and cut the blood out of my horse's right shoulder. Another cut a piece about half as big as a ten cent piece out of my horse's ear. I stopped several times and fired three or four shots.

The situation was getting interesting and I couldn't

tell just where I was going to come out, when I saw the lead horses pitch down what seemed to be a steep grade or bank. When I got to where I could see what had become of them I looked down into a beautiful little valley with a nice clear stream of water. There was a freight train of twenty-one ox teams, six yokes of oxen and two big wagons to the team, and twenty-five well armed men. And they were men who would not run away and leave a fellow in a tight place. I asked the wagon boss if he had seen a man riding a black horse. He said, "Yes, he rode through camp, did not speak to anyone. His horse wanted to drink when crossing the creek, but he would not let him."

The Indians could not see the teams for some minutes after I did. When they did see them they fired a volley, let out a war whoop and soon disappeared. They knew their fun was over so far as getting the band of horses and the white man's scalp was concerned. I didn't shed any tears over their going.

The teams were just pulling out to make their evening drive. Ox teams travel very slowly, so I let the horses graze along for several miles and cool off and get over the long race. When I thought there was no more danger I drove straight on into Rawlins, two hours before sunset. I had made the thirty-five miles in five hours and lost considerable time with the ox teams. I drove the horses into Ed Rankin's corral. I asked Ed if a man had come in riding a black horse. He said no, but one had come there riding a snow-white horse, white

with foam, and just had a very faint spark of life left in him. He put two men to rubbing the horse and gave him a swallow of water every few minutes, which was bringing him out all right. Rankin said the man was as near dead as the horse, and all the sense that he could get out of his talk was that the horse was mine and that the Indians had got me and all the other horses. Rankin immediately wired Fort Steele. The commander replied, "Will have company of cavalry and two good scouts and trailers out in twenty minutes." On my arrival, Rankin wired the fort that I had got in with the horses all right.

It took two men to get Evans to the hotel, and when I found him there he was sitting in an easy chair with his feet up across the corner of a table, fanning himself with his hat. He certainly looked surprised when I stepped in, and said, "Ah, I scarcely expected to see you again."

I said, "I don't think you did, but you certainly didn't fail to take care of yourself."

I suppose I was about as mad as a man could get and not explode, and what I said to the fellow would not make nice reading. I was awfully ashamed of it after I had time to cool off and think it over. I suppose Evans did not like the way I talked to him, so he went to Rankin's stables and found some of the boys Rankin had hired to go on the hunting trip. He went to their boarding house with them.

That evening some of the boys told him that if he

would have his head shaved like his face the Indians wouldn't scalp him if they captured him. That night he went to a barber and had his head shaved as smooth as a billard ball.

Terry met his friends on board the Union Pacific train at Cheyenne and they came to Rawlins Springs. There were five of them including Terry, one a brother of Evans. The brother was a man of forty or so, an all-around man. When he saw his brother's shaved head I thought he would faint. I never saw anyone so mortified.

I told Terry all about the Indians and asked him not to say anything about it. If Evans wanted to tell it, let him do so. He told all right what a time he and I had with the Indians. The boys did not want to believe it, so Terry told them how I had said we had trouble. They wondered why I did not mention it when we were in camp all day together. Terry told them I did not talk much about anything I had done, I let someone else do the talking.

I went into town that evening in time to buy a horse from Rankin, and bright and early next morning I was on the trail for Laramie Peaks. I stopped at Fort Steele and thanked the colonel for his prompt action when they thought the Indians had me. He told me the cavalry had found the Indians all right. They struck the trail just about where I first saw the Indians and followed it as long as they could see, then lay down until daylight, when they took it up again and ran into the

band about seven o'clock. One was a young chief who could talk some white man talk. He wanted to know "what for soldier trail Injun?" The officer asked him what the Indians were trying to kill the white man and steal the horses.

The chief said, "Injun no see white man, no see hoss."

The officer asked, "Who killed the Indian's horse?"

"Me killum hoss, step in badger hole, break leg."

The officer told him he lied, that the horse had no broken leg.

The chief said, "Oh yes, breakum leg high up, you no see."

The officer asked about the empty shells. They didn't know anything about them. He knew that they couldn't be identified personally, and the government wouldn't punish them, so he let them go. I had shot the Indian's horse through the neck where the head and neck joins. This was a chance shot, as I had fired at the bunch just to let them know what I might do if they crowded me too close.

Evans was quite a hero when he got back East. Someone had several articles published telling what a hero the young man was, and what terrible battles and hairbreadth escapes he had gone through. They also mentioned that he had a friend named Lord who was quite a help to him in his trouble with the Indians.

XVIII

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

On December 5, 1862, our regiment reached Oxford, Mississippi, quite an important old aristocratic town. We got there at eight o'clock at night. Early next morning I was detailed as safety guard at the home of one of the prominent families, and about the first piece of hard, disagreeable work I did was to fall head over heels in love with the only girl in the family. There were two boys. The oldest was a captain in the Confederate army; the other boy was too young to go into the army. I suppose the girl, like all other girls, very soon detected that I was loving her, though I did everything I could to keep it hid and to discourage it in my own mind, for I fully realized that conditions and my age made it the height of foolishness. I knew it was wasting sweetness on the desert air. I soon discovered the love business was not a one-sided affair or else the young lady was doing some fine acting. It wasn't many days until we were not trying to hide it from each other or anyone else, for that matter. Her mother seemed to take it as a good joke. Her brother didn't like it at all, but we ignored him.

I was well aware of what I was doing, but what in Sam Hill was a boy in his seventeenth year to do? There

was what I thought the most beautiful creature that ever breathed, making the most passionate love to me, and making me feel by words and actions that my love for her was the only thing on earth that she considered worth living for, and I enjoyed it.

I can't go on and describe her beautiful golden hair, her teeth of pearl, her eyes that glistened and sparkled like diamonds with their irresistible expression, her velvety skin of marble hue, and her rosebud lips and all the rest of her wonderful attractions, as the professional writers do. No tongue or pen can describe the fascination she had for me. I had forgot all about being on earth until a negro man servant of the family said to me, "Say, massa, does you know that you alls company all done gone day before yisterday?"

That news set me to guessing. He said some soldiers passed today and one of the soldiers told him they were the rear guard. I knew the Johnnies would be following as close to the rear guard as they thought safe. I had been at the house eighteen days and this same man told me when I had been here a week not to trust his old missus too far. He told me about the troops being gone just as I was going into the house to my supper. I thought, I will eat my supper and the first chance kiss my girl good-by and split the air wide open on track of my regiment. It was bitter to think of, but I knew I had to do it.

I noticed Jennie's mother and the boy were extra nice. We had an extra good supper and the old lady was

very entertaining and tried to tease Jennie and me quite a lot. I told her I was very sorry but I would have to be leaving in a short time. She told me that she was very much pleased to tell me that I was a prisoner and wasn't going at all, that the outside doors were all locked on the outside and the windows barred and the house was being watched. Her son, the captain, and his colonel would be there in the morning, and they would take care of me.

The old lady was a widow and the colonel was her fiancé. She said I could be her son's prisoner as well as her daughter's sweetheart. I pretended that it rather suited me. The old lady allowed Jennie and me to sit in the parlor and talk as long as we wanted to. I asked Jennie if she was in on this deal. She bitterly denied it. I told her I was going to get away that night no matter what it cost, that I didn't propose to be a prisoner as I knew the Yankee prisoners were pretty badly treated. She said she didn't want me to be a prisoner, as she had heard a great many of them died. She didn't want me to try to get away as she was sure her mother was having the house watched, and I might get killed. She wanted me to stay and when her captain brother came, join his company and go with him. The war was all going to be over in a few months and the South was going to win, then I could come home with her brother; then we would marry and live right in Oxford. I told her I dearly loved her and would do anything honorable for her, but I loved my father and mother, my country and

my honor also. I asked her if she thought she could love and respect a man as her husband that had taken a solemn oath to defend his country against all enemies even with his life, if necessary, until honorably discharged, and then desert and join his country's worst enemy. She said she had never thought of it in that light, but she could see where I was right and to tell her what I wanted her to do to help me to get away.

Her mother and brother had overlooked a bit and forgot my gun and cartridge box and left them in my room. I told her to go up-stairs as though she had gone to her room for something and see if the hall window over the front porch was fastened. She came back and said it was nailed down hard and fast. I then told her the only way I could see was through her room and if I had a piece of plank or any kind of a piece of timber that we could handle that would reach from her window to the end of the porch, it would simplify matters and make the getting away much easier and safer. But I didn't see any way to get a piece of timber. I asked her how far her bed stood from the window. She said in the farthest corner. I asked if the bed could be moved near the window easily. She said she did not think so, as it was a very heavy old fashioned wild cherry bedstead with no casters under it, and could hardly be moved without making a lot of noise. The house was an old fashioned one with large rooms, and there wasn't bedding enough in the room when tied together to reach

from the bed to the ground, and she was afraid to try to let me down by hand as that would be a man's job.

After studying deeply for a minute she asked me would quilting frames bear up my weight. I said, "That depends altogether on how they are made and what they are made out of." She said she heard the negro who made them tell her father before his death that he split them out of second growth white oak and shaved them down with a draw knife. I said, "Can you get any such things?"

She said, "Yes, there is a set of four in a room upstairs."

I told her to get the two longest of them into her room and I would show her how a Yankee could coon a pole. I sent her upstairs about half past eleven. As soon as her mother was out of the way I brought my gun and cartridge box into the parlor. I was afraid she might think of them and sneak them out of my reach.

When the girl went upstairs I went to my room just as if I had gone to bed for the night, though I don't believe the old lady thought there was any chance for me to get away. At one o'clock I went up to Jennie's room. I waited until then because I could hear her mother up until twelve and I wanted to give her time to get to sleep.

I found Jennie waiting for me. She had the long quilting frames. It didn't take me long to get them out, side by side, one end on the window sill, the other end on the porch roof. I tied two sheets and a counterpane

together and tied the gun and cartridge box onto the end and showed her how to work them. I had them hanging outside the window and the girl standing on the sheet by the window so she could hold onto the quilting frames to keep them from slipping on the window sill.

Now came the supreme test of my nerve and resolution to part from Jennie, as I believed, forever. She was a brick and took such a common sense view of everything. We both knew it was dangerous to waste time. You ought to have seen me straddle those quilting frames and slide down to the porch roof. I had told the girl that as soon as I touched the porch roof for her to start the gun and cartridge box toward the ground, that I wanted them to be on the ground when I got there, and they were. I went down the corner post of that porch like it had been greased for the occasion. I buckled on my cartridge box, and just as I picked up my gun a man jumped around the corner of the house facing me and said very pleasantly, "Hello, little Yank. You think you are getting away, but I will fool you."

He didn't say anything more. I said nothing, but acted. Then I got away from there, and I didn't make any false moves in getting started, and that fellow didn't follow me. I don't think he felt like it.

There was a bright full moon and it was almost as light as day.

When we went to Oxford we were on our way to the rear of Vicksburg via Jackson, Mississippi, and we were

sure getting there, when the treachery of a Colonel Murphy, who let the rebel General Van Dorn get in behind us and capture and destroy all our supplies and tear up the railroad tracks at Holly Springs, compelled our army to retreat and go back over the road we had traveled to Oxford.

I left Oxford the morning of December 24th and didn't catch up with my regiment until the evening of the 29th just as they were going into camp in the edge of Memphis, Tennessee. The boys all seemed surprised and glad to see me. I was glad to get back with them, but I was mad enough to fight a buzz saw, and the way I started in on the orderly sergeant would not look good in print. The difference in our military rank didn't make any difference with what I had to say nor the way I said it. As soon he could get me to stop talking long enough he explained that he thought of me as soon as the orders to retreat were received, but some one or something called his attention to something else, and in the hurry and bustle to get everything in shape for the retreat he forgot me until they were on the road about two miles. Then he went to the captain to get permission to send a man back after me. The captain said no; I would hear of the retreat and come on. I firmly believe the old hypocrite was in hopes I would be captured and never get back to the company.

After the war I went to the Far West. After drifting around for two or three years, I settled in a nice new growing town, got married and was trying to grow up

with the country. New settlers were almost daily coming in.

In time two brothers, one married, the other single, came and bought property and settled down to stay. Their speech told what part of the country they were from, and the older brother didn't make any secret of the fact that he had been a captain in the Confederate army. That didn't excite any one's curiosity, for people at that time in the Far West didn't ask questions, and they didn't care where you were from nor who your grand-daddys and great-grand-daddys or grandmothers were, or what you had been, but—what are you now and what can you do. The older of these two brothers soon identified himself with public affairs and got acquainted with everybody. Every one seemed to like him, and no one gave his having been in the Confederate army a thought, for nine-tenths of the men in that country at that time had served either in the Federal or Confederate armies. They were the men who made settlement of the West possible.

The elder of these two brothers after a time became so popular that his democratic friends insisted on his running for sheriff. The state and county were republican, so much so that it was a rare thing that the democrats ever elected any one, though they always had their ticket in the field.

This older brother and I had become intimate friends. He asked me how he stood with the people and what I thought of his ability and natural qualifications

to make a satisfactory sheriff. I told him I knew he stood as well with the people as any man in the county and I considered him the best sheriff timber in the county, but he was a democrat and didn't he know there had never been a democrat elected in that county. He said he knew it. He also said "But you are not so party hidebound that you wouldn't vote for who you believed was the best man regardless of party, especially in county offices."

I said I thought that ought to be done in all cases, that party lines held too much power over the will of the people.

He said "Party lines can't be any stronger here than they are in the solid democratic South, and I helped to elect a republican to the office of county recorder and another to the office of mayor of my town, because they were by far the best qualified men we had."

"By the way," said I, "what part of the South are you from?"

"Oxford, Mississippi," he said.

That went over me and through me like an electric shock. I had never thought of these men's names being the same as the girl I refused to desert for, and her mother who tried to deliver me into the hands of my enemies after I had protected her and her family from all danger for eighteen days. It was hard for me to think this man could possibly be the son of that woman, and yet she had a daughter that I believed, and so far as I knew was, as pure and honorable as humanity can be.

I had been told while on duty at their house what a grand good man their father was.

These things all rushed through my mind and I said, "I knew a family during the war, at Oxford, of the same name as yours."

He said, "Ours is the only family of that name in Oxford."

He looked at me and said, "Is it possible that you are the Yankee that was safety guard at my mother's house when your army got as far as Oxford on your way to Vicksburg and you had to turn back on account of Van Dorn's raid on Holly Springs?"

I said, "I guess I am that Yankee."

He said, "I am the captain that arrived with the colonel of his regiment eight hours after you left."

I said, "Captain, I am very glad, indeed, that I wasn't compelled to meet you and the colonel that morning as a prisoner."

He said, "Yes, I am very glad I wasn't compelled to meet you that morning, if you had treated me as rough as you did the fellow that did meet you."

I asked, "Who was that fellow and what did I do to him?"

He said, "It was my uncle, my mother's only brother. He was major of my regiment, was home on sick furlough. He had gotten well and was waiting and keeping hid until you Yankees got out of the way so he could get back to his regiment. You came in one inch of getting him for keeps; you shot him through the body between

the heart and the collar bone, and if you had shot one inch lower he would never have known what happened to him. He was five months getting over it. I was and am yet very sorry that my mother and uncle acted as they did. That is the only time I ever had any angry feelings toward my mother, and the only time I ever spoke disrespectfully to her. If you had stayed at our house until the colonel and I had got there we would have seen you safe within your own lines, as the colonel felt as badly about the matter as I did. He and my mother were engaged at the time to be married and it came near breaking up the engagement. My mother and my uncle were good people at heart but fanatically crazy on secession and the slave question. My father fought and voted against secession. My mother saw the seriousness of what she had done and regretted it very deeply. We all had to give you credit for having plenty of nerve and determination. My uncle said he had no idea a man could be as quick with a gun as you were."

My friend asked me what would I have done if I had known there were over twelve hundred rebel cavalry camped that night half a mile from his mother's house and one of their pickets on post only a block from their house. I told him I would have done just what I did do, got away if there was any possible show. And did I know there was a scouting party rode past the house about eight o'clock that night, going out to locate the line of march of the Yankee army and see what road they were on. My shot had caused the picket re-

serve to rush out, and while they were investigating and debating about sending two cavalrymen, the scouting party returned and said they hadn't seen any loose Yankee on that road. So they all decided that it wouldn't pay to try to follow me. I told my friend that I didn't know about the scouting party going out at eight o'clock but I saw them as they came back. Just as I got well out of town I heard them ride over a small plank bridge and I jumped behind a small thicket of bushes and briars and lay flat on the ground until they went by. I waited a while to see if there were any more coming, then I got into the road and I traveled. I was some traveler them days, especially if there were any Johnnies behind me.

My friend was nominated on a straight democratic ticket, and during the campaign he did less talking and had less talking done than I ever saw in any campaign. He was elected in a strong republican county by far the largest majority that any man ever had in the county. The next spring, after he was elected, he told me his sister and her husband were coming and that his sister expected to spend the summer with them.

I didn't like the idea at all. I was married, loved my wife, at least believed I did, had three children that I worshipped, was doing well and was happy, and still I was afraid to meet this woman. I was not afraid of the woman but I was afraid of myself. I knew perfectly well that I couldn't and I wouldn't stay away from her, that I wanted to see her and was going to see her as sure

as she came to that town. There was no way to dodge it, and I wouldn't have dodged it if there had been a way.

Well, she came and twenty years and six months hadn't changed her looks any to me. Our first meeting was in the presence of her husband, her brother and his wife, and my wife. It was just as I had feared. At the very first sight our feelings were just as strong for each other as they were the morning I made my escape from Oxford to hunt for my regiment.

We were both exceptionally good horseback riders. I had plenty of good horses and so had her brother, and we spent so much of our time riding that my wife said she was not jealous or unhappy in the least, that she liked the lady very much, but would be glad when she went home. I told her I didn't blame her in the least. I had told my wife about our meeting and parting at Oxford. The lady's husband had to go home at the end of two weeks and the last thing he said to me was "Take good care of Jennie, and see that she has a good time."

I thought that was very nice of him, and yet it made me feel sad. Jennie stayed six weeks longer and when she did go we both felt about the same as we did when we parted at Oxford. But that is only a little bit of life.

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